

Featuring  
**CANDID  
CHARLIE**

# 4MOST

**M  
O  
S  
T**

*Grant*

**SUMMER**

**10¢**

**STORE IN WARM  
DRY PLACE**

**VOL. 3  
NO. 3**





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## YE EDITORS' PAGE

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### DEAR READERS:

Sloppy came in to see us today. We haven't seen Sloppy for a long time. Fifteen years old and a high school Sophomore, he has been busy both in and out of school, and just recently he has been working on salvage collection—especially on saving waste paper.

Maybe we had better tell you about Sloppy's name. He got it in the same way that a long, tall drink of water gets nicknamed Shorty, or a fat boy is called Skinny; for he actually is a handsome boy and his clothing and appearance are so smart and neat that he is known as a smoothie.

Sloppy saw that we were busy, so he said, "I won't stay long, but maybe you'd like to hear a story."

Of course, we said yes. Sloppy's stories, or "Sloppy's fables," as we call them, are really something. He never comes right out and tells you what he is thinking; he just tells his little story and leaves you to figure out what it means.

"Once there was a soldiers' camp," Sloppy began, "a brand-new camp. The soldiers were on their way to move in, when a discussion began in a nearby town about how the camp would be heated. Some Firecrackers were bragging, 'We'll probably get the job. There's nothing like the sparkle and brilliance of Firecrackers.' Some Coal Chunks spoke up hopefully, 'Maybe we'll have a chance. Our family has been in the business a long time.'"

"The Firecrackers were so noisy that they got a lot of attention, and the soldiers at the camp

gave them a trial. You never saw such popping and crackling and sparkling when the Firecrackers first went to work. The soldiers cheered for a while, but after the first fizzles, the Firecrackers didn't throw off much heat, so the Coal Chunks boys got their chance. The Coal Chunks didn't make so much noise; they didn't keep shouting, 'Look at me! Look at me!', but they did stick steadily to the job. The Firecrackers were out of the heating business forever after the steady, hard-working Coal Chunks boys took over.

"Good-bye," said Sloppy, "I've got to be running along. We have a waste paper salvage collection this afternoon. There is still a tremendous need for paper salvage to go into paper for bomb casings, packages for blood plasma, tropical helmets, parachute flares, practice bombs, etc."

So Sloppy breezed along.

Now what do you suppose Sloppy's fable was all about? Could it be that some people are just "Firecrackers" when it comes to things like salvaging paper, saving fat, tin cans, and the like? Could it be that he was trying to give a pat on the back to steady, perhaps unglamorous, but really patriotic people who keep working right along?

How have YOU been doing lately on your salvage work—especially paper salvage?

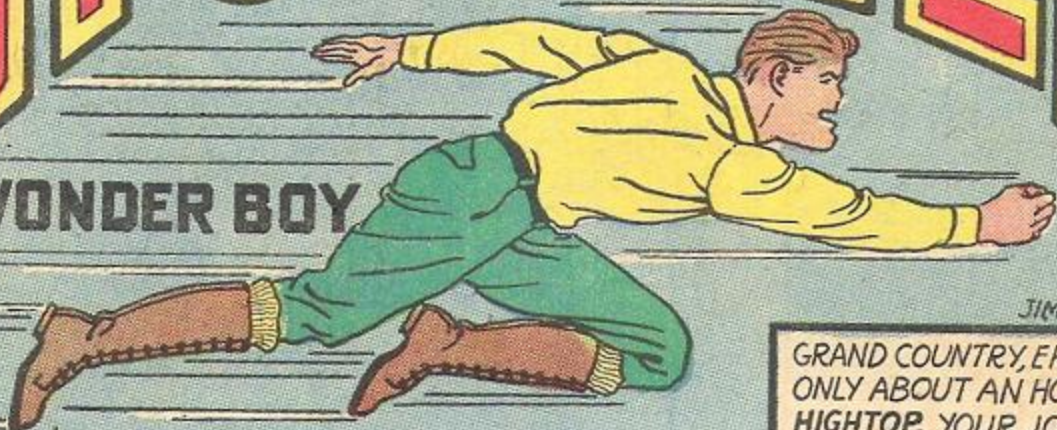
Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

*If Sloppy brings in any more stories, shall we print them for you to read? How about it, Readers? Do you like "Sloppy's Fables"?*



# DICK COLE

WONDER BOY

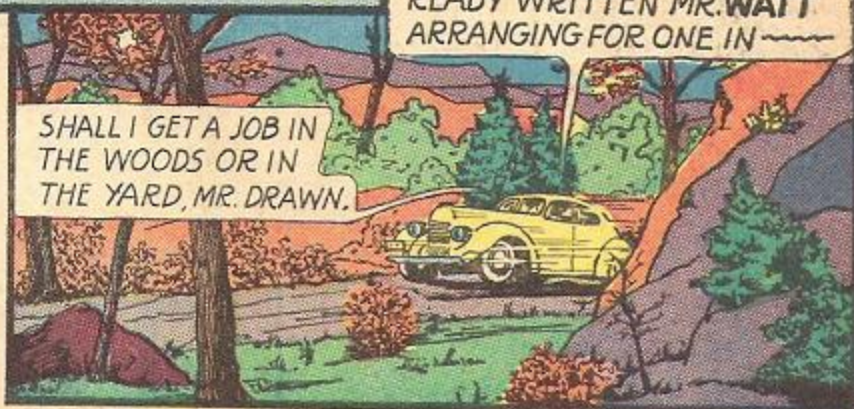


JIM WILCOX '44

WITH SUMMER VACATION AT HAND MAJOR FARR SUGGESTS TO DICK COLE THAT HE OBTAIN WORK WITH THE CRADDOCK LUMBER CO. AT HIGHTOP, TENNESSEE. DICK IS SURE IT WILL BE GREAT FUN, SO WE FIND HIM DRIVING TOWARDS HIGHTOP WITH A FRIEND OF THE MAJOR WHO HAPPENED TO HAVE BUSINESS IN THAT SECTION

SHALL I GET A JOB IN THE WOODS OR IN THE YARD, MR. DRAWN.

GRAND COUNTRY, EH, DICK? IT'S ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR NOW TO HIGHTOP. YOUR JOB? I'VE ALREADY WRITTEN MR. WATT ARRANGING FOR ONE IN



-THE YARD, DICK. EASIER TO CATCH ON, AND YOU LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO TREES AFTER THEY ARE CUT. TAKE YOUR TIMBER NEXT TIME.



IN THE OFFICE OF THE CRADDOCK LUMBER CO. IN HIGHTOP.

MR. WATT, THIS IS DICK COLE, FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. HE WANTS A JOB IN THE LUMBER YARD.

ALL RIGHT. REPORT TO LEM STONE, DOCK 3, TOMORROW AT 6.30 A.M. REMIND SHOWIN'

COLE TO THE COMPANY HOTEL, MR. DRAWN?



AT THE COMPANY HOTEL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF HIGHTOP.

HELLO, MR. MUNN. I GOT A NEW BOARDER FOR YOU - DICK COLE. CAN YOU PUT HIM UP?

HOWDY, MR. DRAWN. I SURE CAN. HE KIN BED IN WITH PETE.



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HOLD IT, DICK! THAT'S **WILD JOHN**, TOUGHEST BULLY IN THESE PARTS! HE AND HIS FOUR PALS JUST ROAM FROM CAMP TO CAMP STIRRIN' UP TROUBLE. HE'S GREEN LUMBER BOSS IN THE YARD THIS TRIP.



I DON'T CARE IF HE'S--  
--OKAY, PETE, LET'S SKIP IT!

IF THE BIG BOSS, THE **MAJOR**, WASN'T AWAY, WILD JOHN WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIRED. HE'S **BAD!** STAY CLEAR OF HIM.

I'LL TRY, BUT I HATE BEING PUSHED!



NEXT MORNING THE BOYS REPORT TO **LEM STONE**, CREW BOSS.

LEM, HERE'S A NEW MAN FOR YOU, **DICK COLE**. HE'S GREEN.

HOWDY. WE NEED AN OUT BOY, SO THAT'LL BE YOUR JOB.

SIR, WHAT IS AN OUT BOY?



IN LOADIN' A CAR, YER FIND SOME BOARDS NOT UP TO SNUFF. THESE YER HAND OUT TO THE **OUT BOY** TO PILE ON THE DOCK.

OH, I SEE.

6.30, BOYS-LET'S GO!



THE END OF THE DAY FINDS DICK TIRED FROM UNACCUSTOMED STOOPING, AND HIS HANDS SPLINTERED. HE ASKS PETE TO SWING BACK BY WAY OF HIGHTOP, TO BUY SOME GLOVES.

LET'S EAT IN TOWN AND THEN SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON.

SUITS ME IF WE DON'T STAY TOO LATE.



TWO HOURS LATER.

THIS IS **CAL'S** POOL ROOM BARBER SHOP, TOWN HANG OUT. WANT TO GO IN?

SURE.



HEY, DICK, THERE'S **SKIN YOUNT** IN A POOL MATCH. HE'S A WHIZ! LET'S GO WATCH 'EM





YER CAINT NEVER WHOP YOUNT, NO-HOW. I'LL SHOW YER. LEMME HEV THAT CUE!

QUIT FAULTIN' ME, WILD JOHN. I'M AIMIN' TO WIN THIS. WE-UNS GOT A MATCH-ON.

T'HECK WITH YER MATCH, GI'N ME THAT CUE AND GIT OUTEN MY WAY!

B-BUT-

GIT! AFORE YER GITS BODACIOUSLY RUINT!

DANCE SATURDAY  
NIGHT  
CO. HALL  
110-112 W. 10th St.  
Downtown

AH! NOW, YOUNT, WE-UNS KIN HEV A PINT-BLANK MATCH!

MATCH IS 300 PINTS FER TWO DOLLARS. YOU BREAK FUST.

YOUNT'LL WIN, WHICH IS BAD. WILD JOHN CANT TAKE IT AFORE HIS GANG. NOTICE 'EM?

YEAH. JUST CAME IN. KINDA TOUGH.

YOUNT MAKES A RUN OF 12 BALLS, AND—

HIT'S 'BOUT TIME YER MISSED-- HAIN'T HIT?

SOUNDS LIKE YER GETTIN' TH' ALLOVERS.

I'M FIXIN' TO WHUP YOU BY 50 P'INTS, WILD JOHN! HYAH GOES.

SOMETIME LATER. SCORE, YOUNT, 234—WILD JOHN, 126. THE BALLS ARE RACKED, WILD JOHN BREAKS—BUT NOT A BALL FALLS.

YORE SHOOT., MMF! HIT'S ONHEALTHY TO SINK TOO MANY BALLS, YOUNT!

MEBBE SO—BUT I AIM TO CLEAN 'EM OFF THIS TIME.

THAT DOES HIT! YER OWES ME TWO BIG DOLLARS!

YOU-YER CHEATED! I DON'T OWE, YER NOTHIN'—CEPT—

THIS! TAKE HIM, BOYS! SOC!



YOUNT IS ENCIRCLED BY WILD JOHN'S PALS, CUFFED AND KICKED AROUND THE CIRCLE, AND THEN THROWN INTO THE CLEAR, TO BE SEIZED BY WILD JOHN.

DON'T NEVER COME IN HYAR AGIN, SKIN YOUNT! IF -- ?!



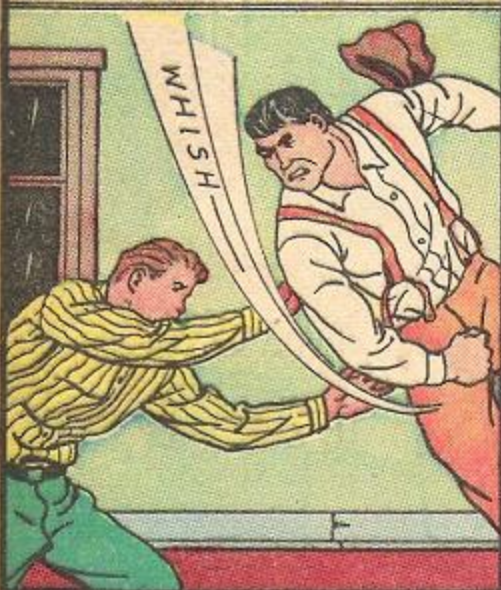
YOU COWARDS! FIVE ON ONE! LET HIM GO!



WHY YOU HOUN' PUP! I'LL SKIN YER ALIVE!



DUCKING UNDER A WILD SWING-



DICK LIFTS WILD JOHN FROM THE FLOOR-AND-



C'MON, BOYS, GIT THE FURRINER!





SHAKEN FROM HIS FALL,  
WILD JOHN SLIDES OFF  
THE TABLE AND SEIZES  
A CUE.

HYAR'S WHAR  
I GITS ME A VARMINT!

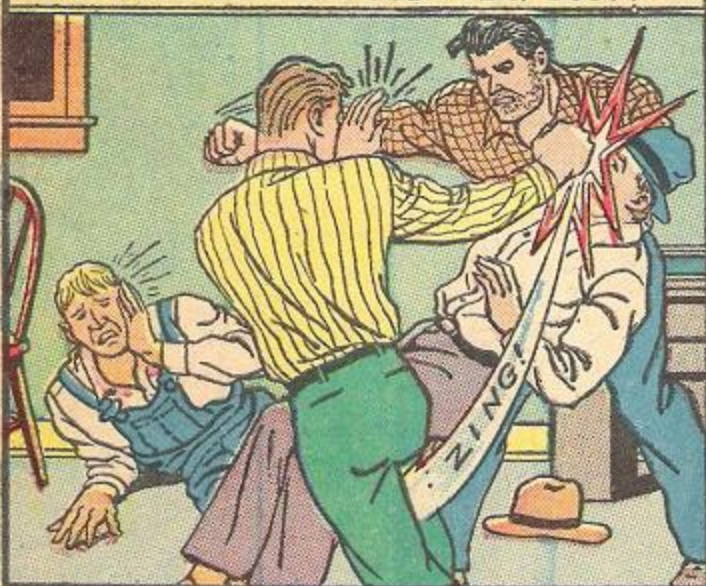
CRAC!



THAT'LL LARN YE!  
NOW FER THAT  
SKONK THAT  
THROWED  
ME!



MEANWHILE DICK HAS BEEN VERY BUSY!



DROP IT! HA! WILD JOHN!!  
YOU WANT TO KILL  
A MAN AND BE UP  
FER MURDER?

OUCH!  
UGH! THE  
"MAJOR!"



BREAK IT UP! I CAINT AFFORD MEN GETTIN' LAID UP! WE  
GOT A CONTRACT TO MEET! WILD JOHN! COME BACK HYAR!





WHAT ARE YOU AND  
YORE NO-COUNT PALS  
DOIN' 'ROUND HYAR?

WORKIN'  
FER THE  
CRADDOCK  
LUMBER  
COMPANY-SAME AS  
YOU.

SO! HIRED WHILES I WAS  
AWAY! A WARNIN', WILD  
JOHN! ANY RUCKUS YOU  
START THAT SLOWS PRO-  
DUCTION-I'M TENDIN' TO  
YOU, PERSONAL-AND-  
YOU ALL GITS FIRED!  
NOW, GIT!

SKIN YOUNT!  
WHAT'S THIS  
RUCKUS  
ABOUT?!

'CAUSE I WHUP  
THAT WILD JOHN  
PLAYIN' POOL  
HIM 'N HIS PALS  
JUMPED ME. THIS  
FURRINER SIDED FER  
ME-HIM 'N PETE. PETE,  
HE GOT LAID OUT.

AND WHO ARE YOU? DICK COLE,  
SIR, WITH LEM  
STONE'S CREW.  
WELL, COLE, STAY  
OUT OF TOTHER  
MAN'S FIGHTS! NOW, BRING  
PETE TO-AND GIT! WORK  
TO DO TOMORROW!

AT THE HOTEL, DICK LEAVES PETE  
WITH THE DOCTOR AND GOES TO  
HIS ROOM-

HELLO! YOUNT, ISN'T  
IT?

YEH. UH-I  
COME TER THANK YER  
FER SIDIN' WITH ME-  
AND-

WATCH OUT FER WILD JOHN!  
HE WONT FERGIT AND HE'S  
WUSSER NOR  
A COPPERHAID  
SNAKE. RECKON  
I'LL GIT ON.

SEVERAL WEEKS  
OF HARD WORK PASS WITH NO UPSET. DICK HAS  
RAPIDLY CAUGHT ON, SO-

GEE! THANKS, LEM!

DICK, JEM'S  
QUIT. TAKE  
HIS PLACE  
ON THE  
PILE. I'M  
A-GOIN'  
TER LOOK  
US UP A  
OUT BOY.

AND, DICK, CERTAIN FELLERS  
IS AIMIN' TER SLOW UP  
PRODUCTION. IN OUR CREW, KEEP TOM  
WHITE A-MOVIN... I'LL BE BACK D'RECKLY.

O-KAY, LEM.



10 MINUTES LATER

COLE! QUIT FEEDIN' THEM BOARDS SO FAST! TRYIN' TO BREAK MY BACK?

NO-O. JUST FOLLOWIN' ORDERS TO SPEED UP, TOM.

WAL, FERGIT THEM ORDERS. LEM AIN'T HERE. WE KIN LOAF.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE TURNED TO SUGAR, TOM!

ME? SUGAR? I'LL SUGAR YOU!

TOM! STAY THERE! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE TIME!

NO FURRINER GIVES ME ORDERS NOHOW! I'M A-COMIN' FER YE!

LON DELIVERS HIS SUNDAY PUNCH. DICK SIDESTEPS—SLIPS—

AND CRASHES ON HIS BACK.

TOM KICKS AT DICK'S HEAD, BUT DICK ROLLS—

GRABS TOM'S OTHER ANKLE AND—YANKS!

GET UP AND FIGHT CLEAN!

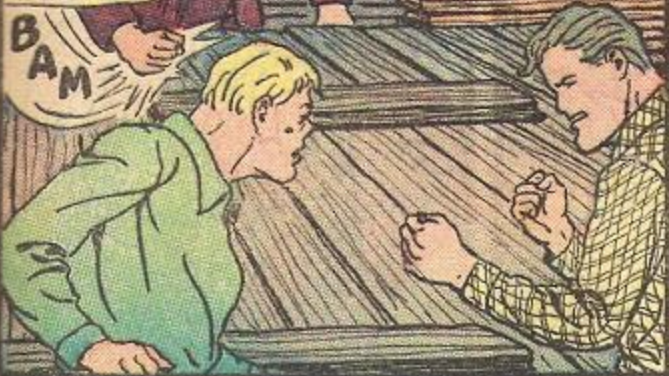


TOM!  
COLE!  
DRAP  
IT!!  
BACK  
ON THE  
JOB!  
WHERE'S  
STONE!

HYAR, MAJOR. BIN  
GETTIN' US A OUT  
BOY.

YOUR JOB IS  
GETTIN' CARS  
LOADED - NOT  
OUT BOYS!  
COME OVER  
HERE FER A  
MINUTE, STONE.

LEM, SURE AS SHOOTIN' WILD  
JOHN IS BEHIND THIS WORK  
SLOW-DOWN! COME SUNDAY,  
I'M TENDIN' TO HIM AFORE  
EV'BODY IN HIGHTOP! THEN  
I'M FIRIN' HIM-AND HIS PALS.  
KEEP YORE CREW TOP SPEED.  
SEE YOU LATER.



C'MON, BOYS, WE-  
HEY! WHAR'S TOM?

HE SKUN AROUN' THE  
BOX CAR WHILES YOU  
AN "MAJOR" TALKED.

SOMETIME LATER  
ACROSS THE LUMBER  
YARD.

KIN I SEE YER A  
MINNIT, WILD JOHN?  
HIT'S IMPORTANT.

HUH? WHY  
SHORE. HERE,  
ED, CHECK THIS TALLY



"MAJOR" JES' TOLE LEM  
HE'S A-GOIN' TO GIVE  
YER YORE NEEDINS,  
COME SUNDAY. HE  
KNOWS YER TRYIN'  
TER SPILE THE  
CONTRACT.

SUNDAY! FIXIN' TER  
PUT ON A SHOW FER  
ALL HIGHTOP, I S'POSE.  
H-M-M! IT MOUGHT BE  
THE "MAJOR" AIN'T A-GOIN'  
TO BE IN TOWN-SUNDAY!

WORK OVER FOR THE DAY, DICK IS HEADING  
FOR THE HOTEL WHEN A VOICE HAILS HIM.

MIND COMPANY, COLE?

GLAD TO HAVE  
YOU, "MAJOR."





LEM SAYS YOU'RE DOIN' A GOOD JOB. SAY- CAN YOU FLING A ROCK?

FLING-A-?

UH-I PITCH FOR FARR  
M.A. BASEBALL  
TEAM. WHY, SIR?



SEE THAT CHIPMUNK?  
TWO BITS SEZ YOU  
CAN'T MAKE HIM  
JUMP!

OKAY.  
IT'S A  
BET, SIR.



AS DICK STOOPS FOR A STONE,  
TWO SHOTS  
RING OUT.

BANG!

BANG!



SHOCKED, DICK STARES AT THE "MAJOR." ANOTHER  
SHOT!

BANG!

"MAJOR!  
MAJOR!"



BANG

HOLY COW! THAT  
WAS CLOSE! NICK-  
ED MY CHEEK!  
WE BETTER GET  
TO COVER-AND QUICK!

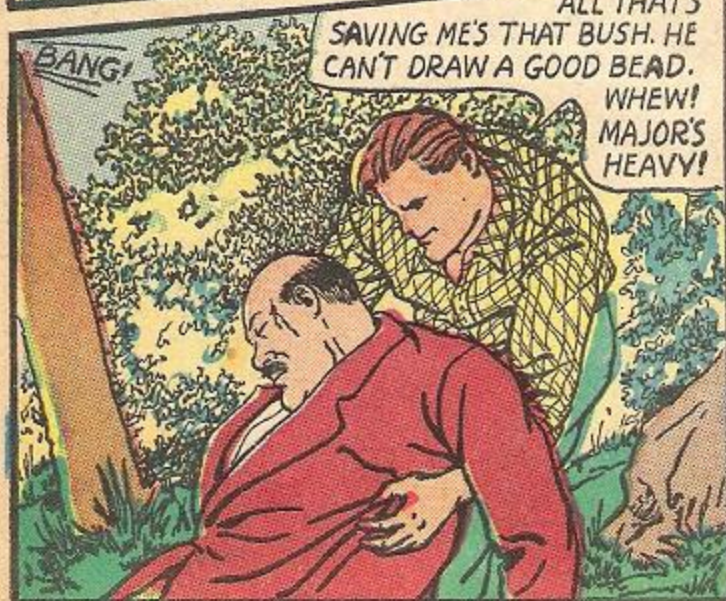


DEEP IN THE  
BUSHES, DICK LIES QUIET FOR SOME  
TIME, BUT THERE ARE NO MORE SHOTS.

NOW WHAT? THE MAJOR'S  
STILL BREATHING.  
I GOT TO GET  
HIM TO THE  
DOCTOR!



ALL THAT'S  
SAVING ME'S THAT BUSH. HE  
CAN'T DRAW A GOOD BEAD.  
WHEW!  
MAJOR'S  
HEAVY!

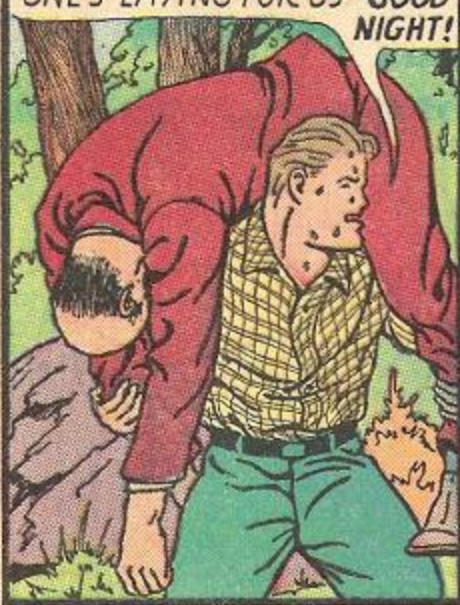




WELL, HERE GOES! I WONDER WHO BUSHWACKED US-AND WHY? THE DIRTY COWARDS!



HE'S SO HEAVY, I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THE PATH. IF SOME ONE'S LAYING FOR US-GOOD NIGHT!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, AT THE HOTEL, THE DOCTOR GIVES HIS VERDICT

ONE SHOT GRAZED THE TEMPLE AND KNOCKED HIM OUT. ANOTHER PASSED THROUGH THE TRAPEZIUS, MISSING THE CLAVICLE. HE'S WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. A FEW DAYS OF REST IS ALL THAT'S NEEDED.



LATER IN THE BOYS' ROOM.

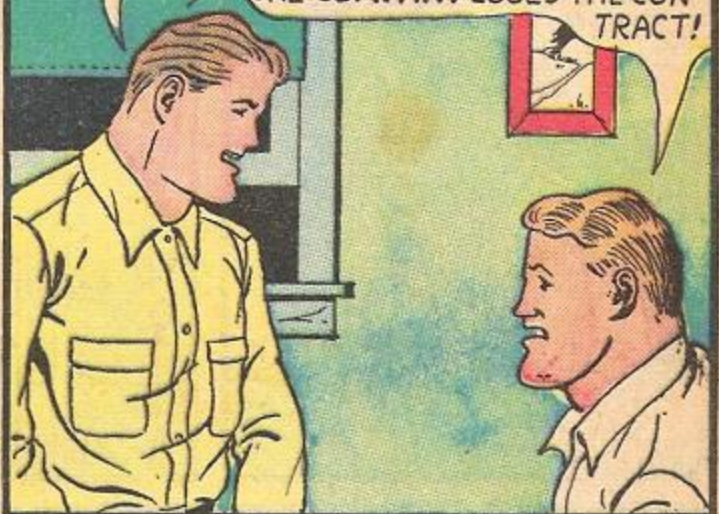
PETE, IF I HADN'T STOOPED FOR THAT STONE, I'D BEEN A DEAD BUZZARD!

YOU SURE OWN A HORSESHOE THE COMPANY COULD USE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PETE?

NO LUCK! WITH THE MAJOR OUT, WILD JOHN AND HIS BOYS'LL RUIN PRODUCTION. THE COMPANY LOSES THE CONTRACT!



PETE, IF ALL HIGHTOP SAW WILD JOHN SMACKED DOWN, HE'D BE LAUGHED OUT OF TOWN-ESPECIALLY IF A KID "FURRINER" DID IT. RIGHT?

HE SURE WO- HEY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?



JUST THIS. I- HEY!





IT'S PAPER WRAPPED  
AROUND A ROCK.

MUST BE A  
MESSAGE.

IT IS. LISTEN, "DON'T  
LET THE SETTIN' SUN  
FIND YOU IN HIGHTOP  
TOMORRER. THIS  
MEANS YOU, DICK COLE."  
IT'S SIGNED "W.J."

O-KAY!  
TOMORROW  
I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
WILD  
JOHN!

ON SUNDAYS MOST OF  
THE CRADDOCK COMP-  
ANY WORKERS AND  
CITIZENS OF HIGHTOP  
GATHER IN THE TOWN  
SQUARE TO SPEND  
THE DAY LOAFING  
AND TALKING.

DICK AND PETE HAVE  
THEIR NOON MEAL-  
THEN HEAD FOR THE  
TOWN  
SQUARE.

CRADDOCK LUMBER CO.

I ADMIRE YOUR  
NERVE, DICK.  
BUT WATCH HIM,  
HE WON'T FIGHT  
FAIR. ER-I GOT  
A GUN WITH  
ME-JUST  
IN CASE!

GOOD GRIEF,  
PETE! DON'T  
DO ANY  
SHOOTING!

AND ON THE PORCH OF  
HIGHTOP'S GENERAL  
STORE.

YOU-UNS AIR WAIT-  
IN' TER SEE THE  
MAJOR RUN ME  
OUT O' TOWN....  
I'M WAITIN'-  
BIN HYAR ALL  
DAY. WHAR  
IS HE?!

I HEARN TELL HE  
GOT SHOT AN'  
IS 'PORELY AN'  
IS GOIN' TER BED  
HIT FER A SPELL.

HA! HAIN'T NEVER NO  
SECH HAPPENED! HE'S  
JES' A-SCAIRT AS A  
TREED COON! NO ONE  
RUNS WILD JOHN OUT  
O' NO TOWN NOHOW!

THAT'S WHAT YOU  
THINK! WILD  
JOHN, YOU'RE  
LEAVING HIGH-  
TOP-NOW!

HUH? BLUP-UH-WHU-WHAT!  
YER BEREFT!.. G-IT! AFORE  
I PLANTS  
YER SIX  
FOOT  
UNDER!



OH, YEAH?  
TRY IT-  
YOU PRE-  
HISTORIC  
APE!

PRE-PREHIS-I  
AIN'T NO SECH!  
FER THE LAST-

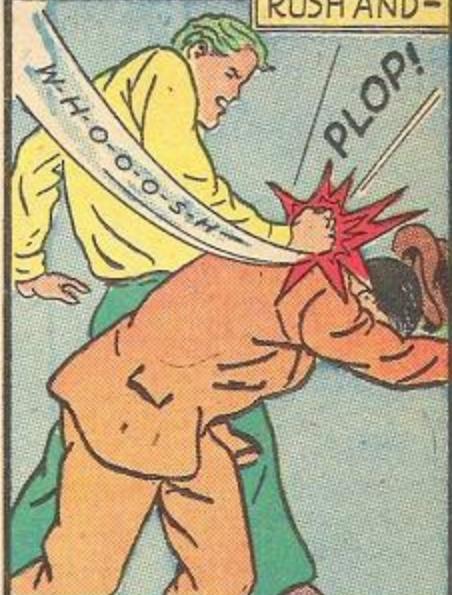


OH, SHUT UP  
OR PUT UP,  
YOU YELLOW  
BUSHWACKER!

(ROAR!)  
BUSHWACKER!  
HYAR I COME,  
YOU MANGEY  
VARMINT!



DICK SIDE-STEPS THE WILD  
RUSH AND-



BADLY SHAKES UP WILD JOHN.

HITTIN' FROM BE-  
HIND! NOW I GOT  
A MAD!

YEP! JUST  
LIKE THE  
HOUND  
YOU ARE!



DICK DUCKS A HAY-MAKER,  
CIRCLES-AND



THE CROWD ROARS AS —



LON DECIDES WILD JOHN NEEDS HELP.

CAIN'T NO ONE SAY  
WHO DONE HIT IN  
THIS CROWD. NOW  
FER A GOOD BEAD!



DROP THAT OR I'LL  
BLOW YOU TO BLAZES!

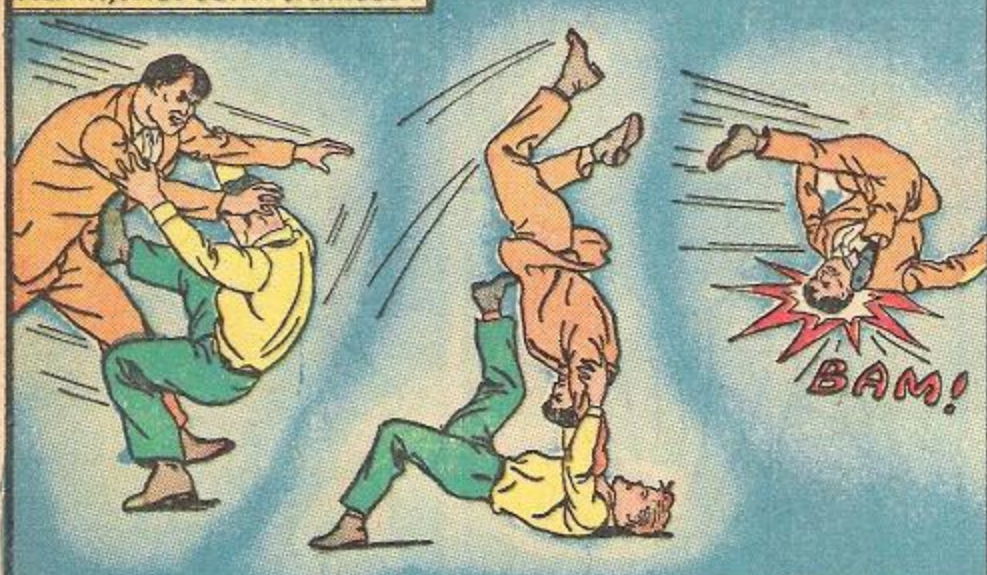


NOW, GET GOIN' AND —  
KEEP ON GOIN'!





AGAIN, WILD JOHN CHARGES.



FOAMING WITH RAGE, WILD JOHN WHIPS OUT A KNIFE

I'M CARVIN' ME SOME HAWG MEAT!



DICK DODGES A THRUST, THEN-



SOC!



HE'S THROUGH, THE BIG CREAM PUFF! TOUGH GUY! HA! THAT'S A LAUGH! C'MON PETE, LET'S GO.

OH, BOY! WHAT A FIGHT! WILD JOHN SURE GOT TAMED!



AT THE HOTEL DICK LEARNS THE "MAJOR" WANTS TO SEE HIM.

AH! COME IN AND SET, COLE. I WANT TER THANK YE FER TOTIN' ME IN -AN' WARN YOU. WATCH OUT FER WILD JOHN FROM HERE ON!



THANK YOU, SIR, BUT I BELIEVE HE'S THROUGH. YOU SEE, WE HAD AN-ER ARGUMENT. HE-WELL HIS SHOULDER IS DIS-LOCATED.



WH-A-AT! YOU? WILD JOHN? P'INT BLANK! THAT BEATS ALL!!

2 WEEKS PASS. WILD JOHN AND HIS PALS HAVE VANISHED. PRODUCTION IS UP AND THE "MAJOR" IS WELL.

DICK GOES FOR A STROLL BACK OF TOWN ONE MOON-LIT NIGHT. SUDDENLY-

BANG! BANG!



WHEW! RIGHT THROUGH MY HAIR! WHERE IS HE?



HIC! YES KONK! YER CAIN'T... DISCONFIT- HIC! WILD JOHN AND LIVE TER BRAG... HIC! ON HIT! MISHED YER... WASH OUT, HIC! NEXSHT TIME! WHOO-PEE!



BACK AT THE HOTEL

HOWDY, COLE. I COME  
TER TELL YE WILD  
JOHN HAIN'T LEFT.  
HE'S GUNNIN' FER  
YE. HIT'D BE  
SMART IFEN  
YE'D GIT  
SCARSE  
FER A  
SPELL.

THANKS, YOUNT.  
HE SHOT AT ME  
TO-NIGHT. HE  
WAS DRUNK AS  
A HOOT OWL.

THAT'S WHY YER  
STILL ALIVIN'. YE  
WON'T SCARSE  
YERSELF THEN?

I WAS AFERED  
O' THAT. WAL,  
I'LL BE GETTIN'  
ON.

ON THE CONTRARY.  
TOMORROW AFTER  
WORK, I'M GOING  
TO HIS CABIN  
AND SETTLE THIS.

DICK DOES NOT TELL  
PETE HIS PLAN.  
WORK OVER, NEXT  
DAY HE MAKES  
HIS WAY TO WILD  
JOHN'S CABIN.  
HE SPIES OUT THE  
PLACE FOR SOME  
TIME AND, SEEING  
NO ACTIVITY, DE-  
CIDES TO ACT.  
CAUTIOUSLY HE  
OPENS THE DOOR.

HOLY  
CATASTROPHE

GINGERLY HE ENTERS  
THE CABIN.

YES... YOU ARE... THROUGH,  
WILD JOHN. I WON-  
DER

H'IST YORE HANDS!  
COME OUT-EASY  
LIKE. I RECKON  
YORE THROUGH  
TOO!

WHO (GULP) WHO  
ARE YOU?

THE LAW! I DONE  
COTCHED YE RED-  
HANDED! MURDER!  
GIT A GOIN'—

HOLD UP, SHERIFF! DRAP THAT  
RIFLE-GUN! KICK IT OVER THIS-  
AWAY-QUICK!



SHERIFF, YOU'VE TREED THE  
WRONG BAR. DICK, FOTCH  
THE KNIFE! HIT'S MINE.  
I DONE HIT!



DICK GETS THE KNIFE. DICK SIDED FER ME, I  
DONE SIDED FER HIM.  
YEP! HIT'S  
YER KNIFE,  
YOUNT...  
BUT, WHY-? NOW, I HAFTER GIT ON. STAY  
HITCHED FER A SPELL, SHER'E.  
FARWELL, DICK!



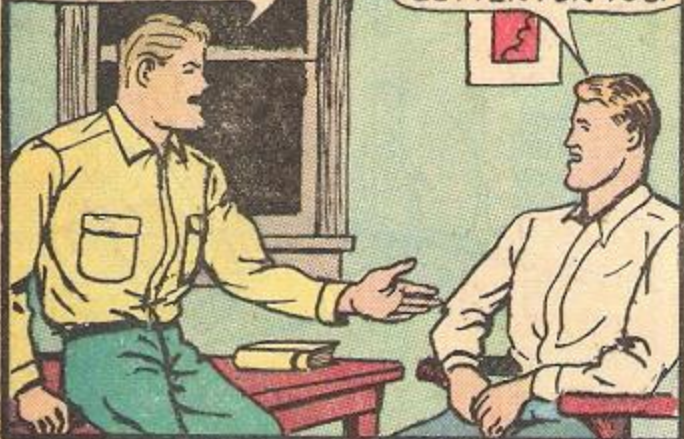
THE BUSHES RUSTLE-  
SKIN YOUNT IS GONE.

I RECKON  
YORE CLEAR,  
COLE. HIT'S  
Q'AR I HAPPEN-  
ED HYAR, HAIN'T  
HIT? WAL, LET'S  
BE AMBLIN' ON.



THAT NIGHT  
BUT PETE, I DONT  
GET IT! WHY DID  
SKIN YOUNT DO  
-THAT- FOR ME?

YOUNT FELT YOU WERE HIS  
FRIEND, DICK. MOUNTAIN  
FRIENDSHIP IS REAL. IT  
GOES ALL OUT. THAT'S  
WHY... UH, HERE'S A  
LETTER FOR YOU.



NEXT MORNING

SOME OF THE BOYS WANT  
TER SEE YE, COLE. HYAR  
THEY COME NOW

ME, SIR?  
I-UH-  
WHAT-?



DICK COLE,  
THAT'S THE  
HIGHEST HONOR  
YE'LL EVER GIT! YOU,  
A FURRINER! MOUNTAIN  
MEN WISHIN' TER WORK FER  
YE!... WELL, SORRY YER LEAVIN'.  
DONT FERGET, THAR'S A JOB FER  
YE HERE  
ANY TIME!

ER- WILD JOHN WUZ OUR BOSS-  
GREEN LUMBER- 'N HE'S DAID.  
WE-UNS TALKED. HIT OVER-  
WE-UNS WISHT YE'D GIT THE  
JOB, DICK.

WHY-GOSH! THANKS-  
BUT I CAN'T. I GOT WORD  
LAST NIGHT TO RETURN  
TO FARR. I'M QUITTING  
SATURDAY.



THANK YOU, SIR.  
I'LL BE BACK  
AGAIN SOME DAY.

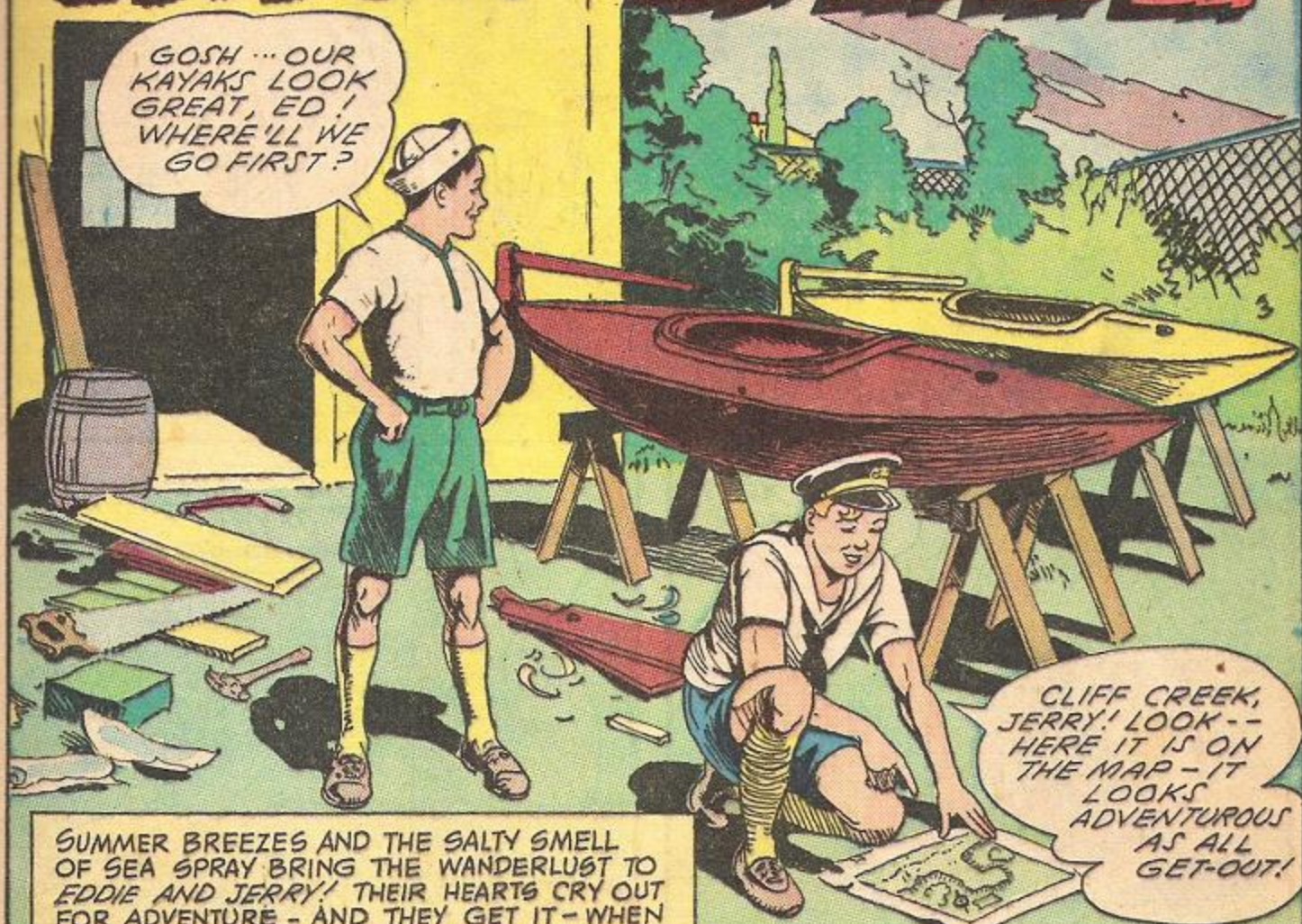




# EDISON

# BELL

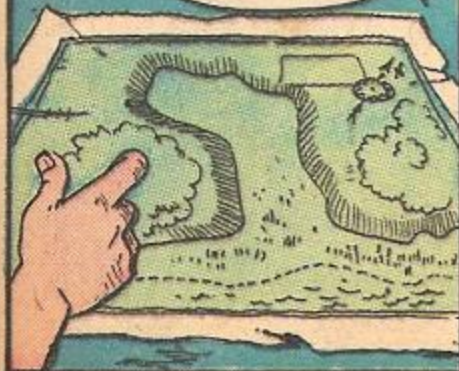
GOSH... OUR  
KAYAKS LOOK  
GREAT, ED!  
WHERE'LL WE  
GO FIRST?



CLIFF CREEK,  
JERRY! LOOK--  
HERE IT IS ON  
THE MAP--IT  
LOOKS  
ADVENTUROUS  
AS ALL  
GET-OUT!

SUMMER BREEZES AND THE SALTY SMELL  
OF SEA SPRAY BRING THE WANDERLUST TO  
EDDIE AND JERRY! THEIR HEARTS CRY OUT  
FOR ADVENTURE - AND THEY GET IT - WHEN  
THEY SET SAIL FOR **CLIFF CREEK!**

REMEMBER WHEN WE  
ALMOST GOT THERE TWO  
YEARS AGO, IN THE  
CONVERTED  
ROW BOAT? THIS  
TIME WE'LL  
GET THERE  
AND SEE IF THOSE  
STORIES ABOUT PIRATES  
LIVING THERE ONCE  
ARE TRUE!



LATER--

NICE  
BREEZE,  
EDDIE!

YOU BET! WATCH  
OUT THAT OUR  
SCALING ROPE  
DOESN'T GO  
OVERBOARD,  
JERRY!

DADDY,  
MAKE ME  
ONE OF  
THOSE!



THERE'S CLIFF CREEK,  
JERRY-- RIGHT ACROSS  
THE BAY! PULL YOUR  
SAIL IN!

GOSH-- IT  
DOES LOOK  
MYSTERIOUS!





IT LOOKS PRETTY SHALLOW, JERRY-- BETTER LOWER SAIL AND LIFT THE LEEBOARDS!



BETTER GO IN SINGLE FILE-- NO SENSE IN BOTH OF US GETTING STUCK!



WAIT A MINUTE-- THE DARNED PULLEY'S STUCK!



I'LL GET THIS THING UNHOOKED IF-- OOPS!

LOOK OUT!



WHAT A SAILOR!



HOLD ON, JERRY!

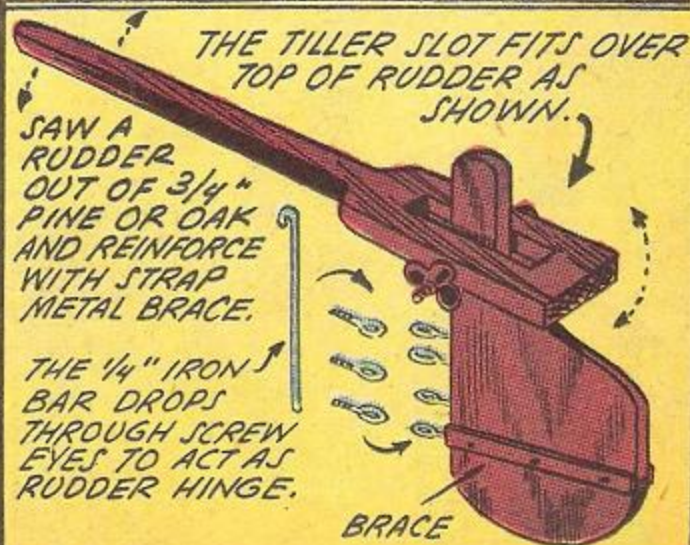
HELP-- ED! THE ROPE'S TWISTED IN MY FEET!

## HOW TO MAKE ... DOUBLE PADDLES!

CUT THE BLADES OF YOUR PADDLES OUT OF  $\frac{1}{2}$ " PINE BOARD, THE SHAFT SHOULD BE ROUND,  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " IN DIAMETER.



## RUDDER DETAILS









THE COAST GUARD WOULD BE WEARING UNIFORMS! WE'D BETTER HAVE A BETTER LOOK!

WELL, OKAY!



LOOK AT THOSE CAT TAILS... THEY SEEM TO BE MARKING OUT A CHANNEL... IT LOOKS PHONY TO ME!

BUT THEY COULD HAVE GROWN THAT WAY, EDDIE!



THE BOYS CONTINUE TO INVESTIGATE...

SSH... I'D LIKE TO GET A LOOK INTO THOSE CAVES!

CAREFUL!



IF I JUST GET UP A LITTLE, I CAN... HOLY SMOKES!

WHAT IS IT, EDDIE?



OIL!! THEY MUST HAVE TAPPED THE COASTAL OIL LINE AND I'LL BET THEY'RE FEEDING IT TO SHIPS AT NIGHT!

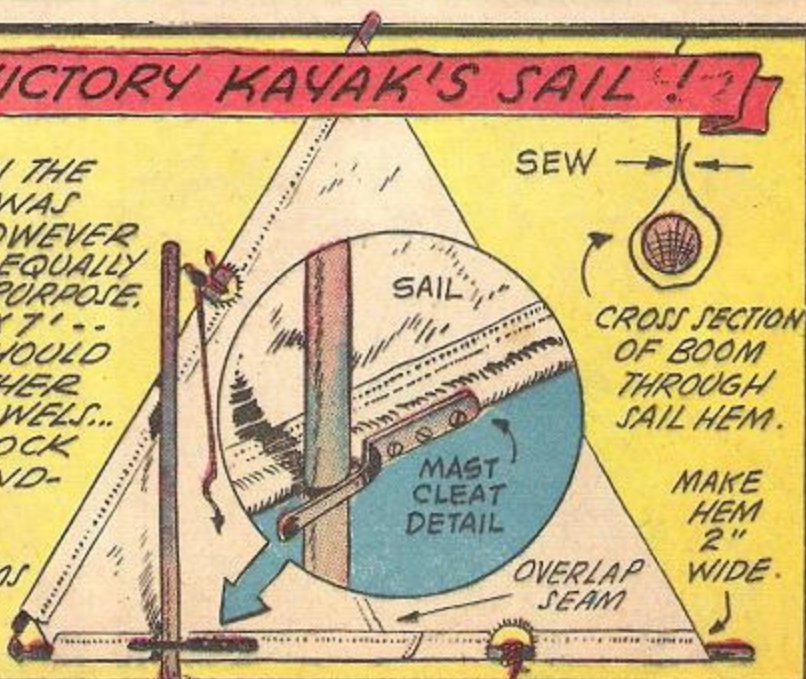
WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST!



## HOW TO MAKE THE VICTORY KAYAK'S SAIL!

**T**HE SAIL MATERIAL USED ON THE ORIGINAL VICTORY KAYAK WAS A BRIGHT RED MUSLIN... HOWEVER UNBLEACHED MUSLIN IS AN EQUALLY GOOD MATERIAL FOR OUR PURPOSE. THE SAIL MEASURES 7'X7'X7'... THE MAST AND BOOMS SHOULD BE ABOUT 1½" THICK. EITHER BUY THEM THIS SIZE AS DOWELS... OR ROUND OFF SQUARE STOCK WITH YOUR PLANE AND SAND-PAPER.

ASK MOM TO SEW YOUR SEAMS AND HEMS ON HER SEWING MACHINE!









JERRY HAS LANDED ON A LEDGE ABOVE THE MEN...

JERRY-- I'LL GET YOU UP!

NO -- GO GET HELP! MY SHOULDER'S BROKEN! GO ON!

I COULDN'T LEAVE HIM-- NO MATTER WHAT! THIS HAS GOT TO WORK!

HERE -- SLIP THIS UNDER YOUR ARMS! GOSH, EDDIE, DON'T WASTE TIME ON ME-- THEY'LL BE HERE SOON!

BUT EDDIE PERSISTS AND MINUTES LATER, JERRY IS DRAGGED SAFELY OVER THE LEDGE --

GOOD BOY --

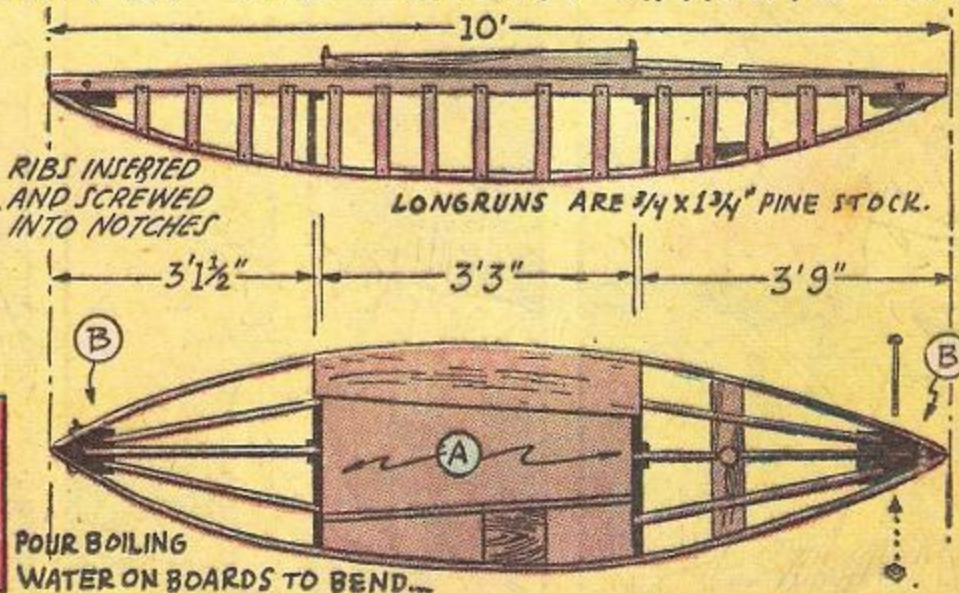
THOSE BULLETS ARE GETTING CLOSER, EDDIE, HURRY!

GOSH, EDDIE -- I CAN'T GET AWAY! I FEEL SICK AND DIZZY! OKAY -- I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO STOP THEM!

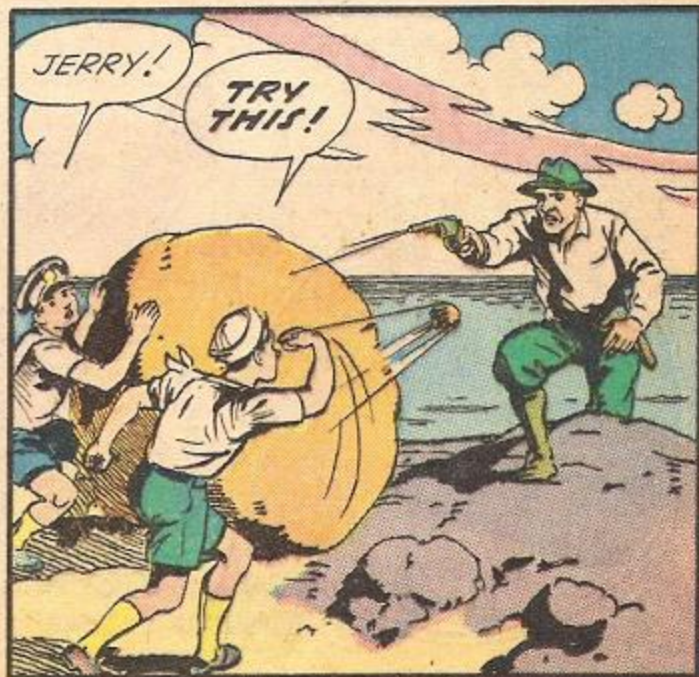
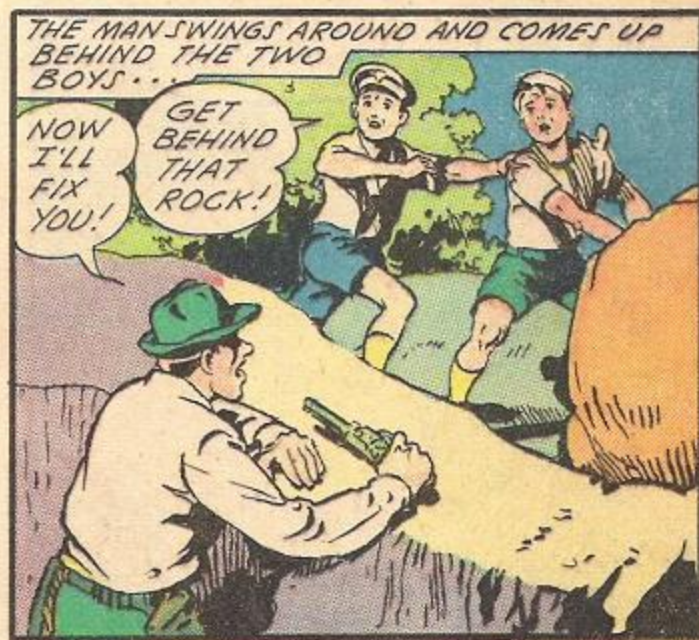
# SIMPLE SKELETON OF THE VICTORY KAYAK'S HULL



MAKE TWO OF EACH...







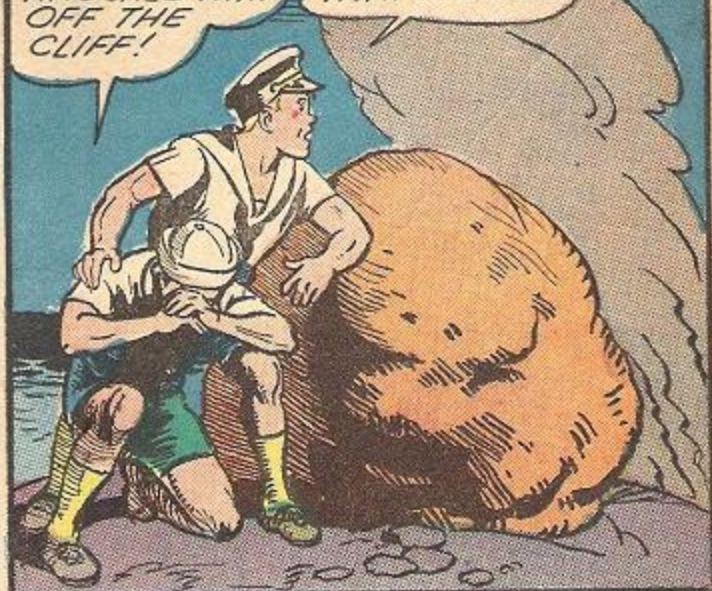


JERRY'S FAST PITCH CATCHES THE MAN OFF BALANCE AND --

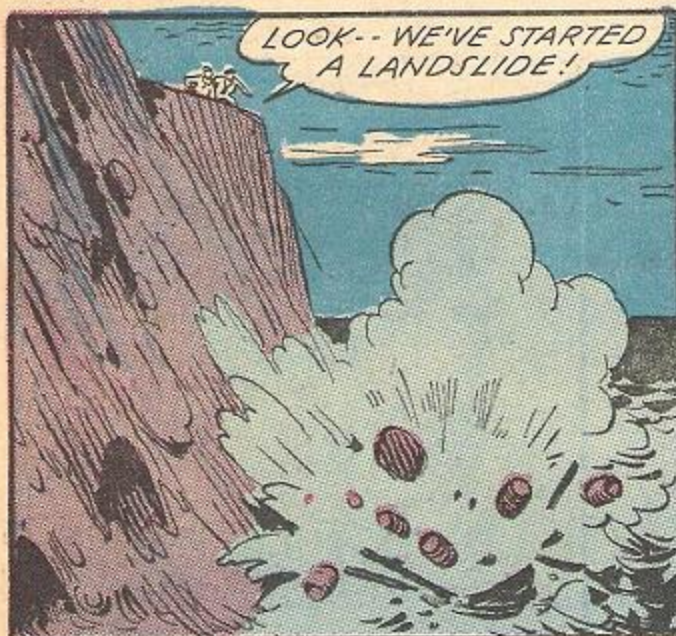


GO-GOSH! I-I KNOCKED HIM OFF THE CLIFF!

WAIT -- WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



LOOK -- WE'VE STARTED A LANDSLIDE!



THOSE OTHER MEN WILL BE TRAPPED IN THE CAVES -- WE'VE GOT TO GET HELP!

FIRST WE KILL 'EM -- THEN WE SAVE 'EM! THAT'S AMERICA FOR YOU!



## HOW TO MAKE LEE-BOARDS



CUT BOARDS OUT OF 3/4" PINE STOCK



4" SIDE HOLES FOR SCREWS  
6" 1/4" HOLE FRONT  
CUT-AWAY VIEW BELOW SHOWS HOW CLEAT ABOVE, IS SECURELY FASTENED TO THE SIDE "DECKS" WITH SCREWS.

HAVE AN IRON WORKER MAKE TWO CLEATS, STRONG STOCK.





HALF AN HOUR LATER--

I HOPE  
THEY'RE  
STILL  
ALIVE,  
SIR!  
COAST  
GUARD  
STATION

SO DO I-- IF  
ONLY TO ANSWER  
SOME QUESTIONS...  
OLSEN, SOUND  
GENERAL ALARM!

YES, SIR!

THE COAST GUARD  
RUSHES TO THE  
SCENE!

AND THE TRAPPED MEN ARE CONTACTED  
IN SHORT ORDER--

THEY'RE STILL  
ALIVE, SIR-- WE'LL  
HAVE THEM OUT  
IN A FEW  
MINUTES!

GOOD!

OKAY-- KEEP MOVING  
AND DON'T TRY  
ANYTHING FUNNY!

LET'S TAKE  
A LOOK  
INSIDE,  
BOYS!

YOU WERE RIGHT, BOYS-- THEY TAPPED THE  
COASTAL OIL LINE ALL RIGHT! HERE ARE  
ORDERS FROM BOOTLEG OIL SHIPS!

YOU KIDS HAVE DONE A GREAT  
JOB -- INCIDENTALLY, I'LL SEE  
THAT YOUR BOATS ARE  
REPLACED!

THANKS, SIR--  
BUT WE'D  
JUST AS SOON  
MAKE NEW  
ONES--  
WOULDN'T  
WE, JERRY?

HUH--  
WE  
WOULD?

OH, SURE-- WE'RE  
JUST CRAZY --  
ABOUT MAKING  
THINGS!

KEEP UP THE GOOD  
WORK, BOYS-- AND  
KEEP 'EM  
SAILING!

YES, SIR!

RIGHT-- KEEP 'EM SAILING -- AND  
FLYING -- AND FIGHTING BY  
BUYING THOSE WAR BONDS AND  
STAMPS EVERY TIME YOU GET  
A CHANCE!



HERE THEY ARE! ... THE SIMPLIFIED, EASY TO FOLLOW PLANS FOR EDDIE BELL'S ...

SAILING! ♪  
SAILING! ♪  
OVER THE  
BOUNCING BLUE!



... LIKE TO TAKE ED'S  
PLACE IN THE  
PICTURE ABOVE?  
... OKAY, THEN ...  
LISTEN HARD!

# VICTORY KAYAK!

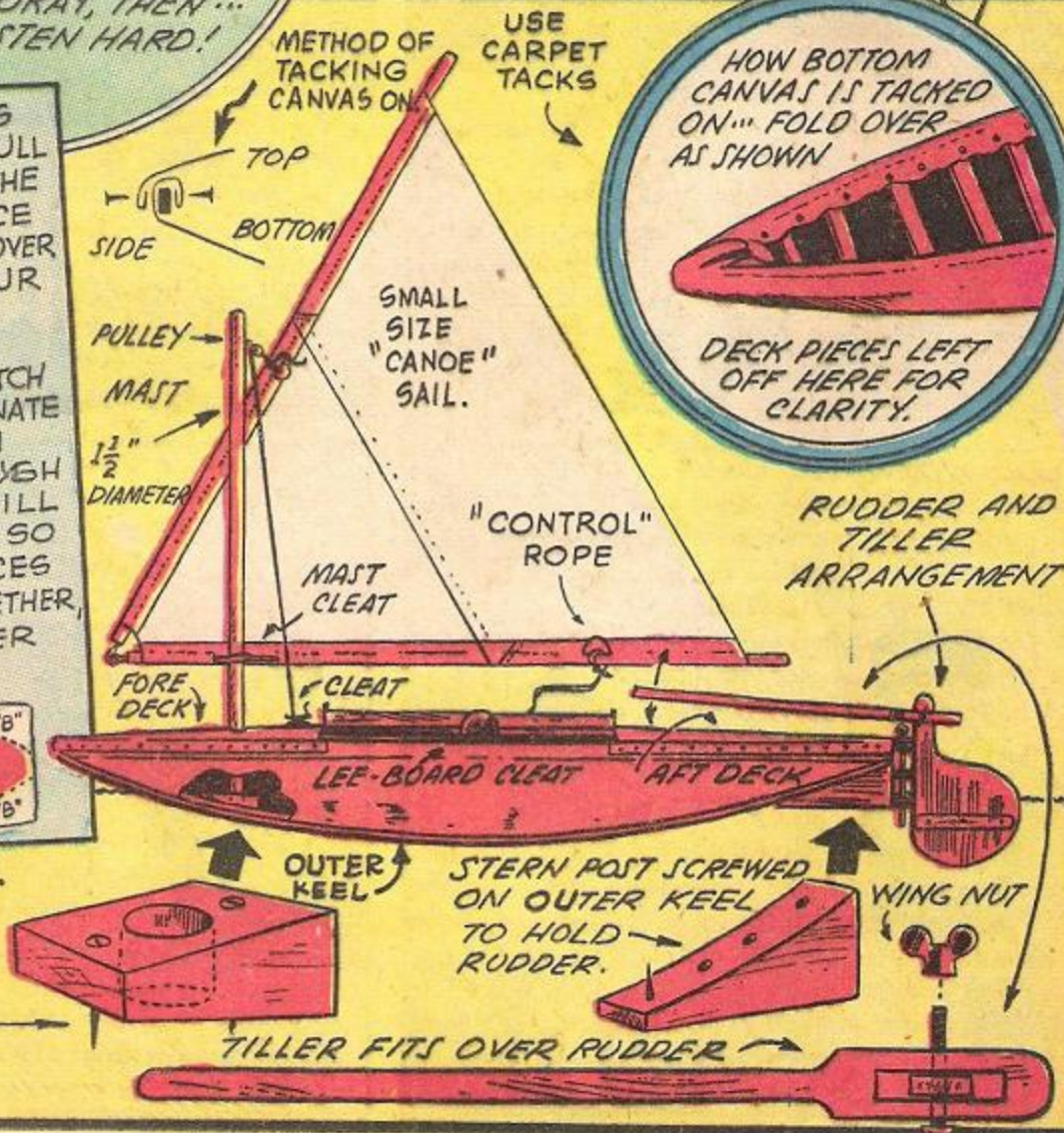
FOR FURTHER DETAILS  
SEE BOTTOM PANELS IN  
THE STORY PRECEDING  
THIS PAGE ...

BY ILL. JILL

**U**SE DUCK CANVAS  
#8 TO COVER HULL  
AND DECK OF THE  
KAYAK. A PIECE  
10 1/2' X 3' WILL COVER  
BOTTOM "A". POUR  
HOT WATER ON  
CANVAS ALONG  
KEEL AND STRETCH  
HARD TO ELIMINATE  
WRINKLES ON  
SIDES! ENOUGH  
CANVAS "B" WILL  
BE LEFT OVER SO  
THAT WHEN PIECES  
ARE SEWN TOGETHER,  
YOU CAN COVER  
DECKS.



THE MAST STEP IS  
SECURED ON  
INNER KEEL  
BOARD WITH  
LONG SCREWS.





# The SEVENTEENTH LETTER

PROFESSOR ERICH SCHNEIDER did not object to being searched by the Peoria police. So Chief of Police Barton and FBI man Paul Gregory went over him with a fine-tooth comb. They found in his various pockets a ring of keys, a wallet containing forty or fifty dollars in bills and various cards, some odd silver, and a memorandum book full of random notations and figures.

Barton apologized, "Professor, I am sorry that we submitted you to this search. There seems to be no evidence to support the claim that you are a Nazi sympathizer or saboteur; nothing to indicate that you are anything except what you claim to be: a professor of languages in our schools. The mere fact that you talk with a German accent is no reason to accuse you of treason against the United States."

The FBI man had his say: "Professor, our complainant, whom we must keep anonymous, says that you have had odd visitors at odd hours; that they all seem to be men or women of German extraction, and that they all talk as you do, with a strong German accent. Some of these visitors have been seen entering your house at two and three o'clock in the morning. What explanation do you have for that?"

"Yah. Most off my friends are Germans. Some of them vere German teachers just like me. The war hass made it difficult to continue. They haff become waiters and musicians. After their work iss ofer iss the only time they can visit mitt me, an old friend."

Gregory was thumbing through the scribbled memorandum book. "Our informant tells us that you are very absent-minded, Professor, and that you have to write down all important things so you will not forget them. What is this odd notation here? QUI 208."

The German blinked his eyes and scratched his head. "I do not remember." He paused. "Yah, I remember. It iss a telephone number off a friend in Quincy."

"Do you go to Quincy often, Professor?"

"Nein. In the fall I attend a teacher's institute there. I meet a teacher und he gives me his number und tells me to dial him before I

return here und ve will haff a visit to talk over teaching."

"What is this teacher's name, Professor?"

Schneider seemed embarrassed. His eyes blinked. "I do not remember. My memory, it iss not—what you say—so hot?"

Gregory handed the memorandum book back to the Professor. "You are free to go, Professor. I am sorry that you were submitted to this search. Put it down to the overzealousness of an American who was eager to serve his country."

Professor Schneider bowed his way out of the office of the Chief of Police, his face all smiles.

Chief Barton walked to the door of a little room and brought out a young, eager-eyed boy of about twelve. The Chief frowned at young Jimmie Woods. "You heard every word that the Professor said. How'd you ever get the idea he was a Nazi saboteur in the first place? Let us worry about things like that. That's our business. Now get out of here."

"But —"

Jimmie Woods nearly ran out of the office. He could see that the Chief was plenty mad at him. But the FBI man, Paul Gregory, followed Jimmy out into the hall. "Don't take it so hard, kid. You were trying to help, and we appreciate it. But next time make sure you've got some real evidence before you tell us about it."

"But I do have some real evidence, Mr. Gregory, if you'll only listen. Professor Schneider did not tell you the truth. He lied to you." His brown eyes grew somberly serious as he stood on tiptoe and whispered into Gregory's ear.

Paul Gregory whistled softly. "By Jove, Jimmie!"

Jimmie grinned, "Didn't I tell you he was a saboteur?"

Gregory nodded. Patted Jimmie on the shoulder. "You run along home, Jimmie, and let us take care of this in our own way."

Gregory walked back into Chief Barton's office. "I've changed my mind, Chief. I'm not so sure but that our young friend is right. Professor Schneider might be an entirely different sort of fish than he appears to be. I think I'll put



an FBI shadow on him, at least for a few days."

At his home Professor Schneider telephoned to call long distance to Quincy to report to his superior. "It iss all right now. The foolish Americans do not suspect us. Ve vill go ahead mitt our plans as ve intended. I vill see you in a couple off days."

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE Federal Court was in session and Professor Schneider and his superior, one Hans Robert, were on trial for their lives. The charge was treason and attempted sabotage. The Attorney General of the United States was in charge of the prosecution and FBI man Paul Gregory was the star witness for the United States.

The Attorney General took his place and said, "Mr. Gregory, you will take the stand and relate in your own words how you managed to capture these men. Relate anything that you think will have a bearing on the decision of the Court in this case. Omit no details."

Paul Gregory got up before the Court and told his story in plain, simple language. "There is not much to my story; it involved little work on the part of myself or the FBI. The initial tip on the activities of these Nazi saboteurs came from a young boy by the name of Jimmie Woods, who is present today in this courtroom where Hans Robert and Professor Schneider are being tried for their lives. The FBI's job in this case was to shadow these saboteurs until they led us to the scene of their attempted crime and practically convicted themselves of the charges they face."

"Continue in detail, Mr. Gregory."

"Professor Schneider knew me because of our interview at police headquarters, so I detailed another operative to shadow him at all times. I went immediately to Quincy, where the Quincy Ordnance Plant is located. Here I ascertained, from the company files, the name and address of a certain employee who we suspected might be involved with Professor Schneider in a plot to blow up the plant."

"What happened? Tell it in your own words, Mr. Gregory."

"Hans Robert is the employee that I shadowed. He worked the day shift at the ordnance plant; his home was an old, dilapidated shack just beyond the south end of town, a few rods away from the electrically-charged fence that guarded the ordnance plant. On the night of January 12, this man met Professor on the corner of Twelfth and Broadway, in Quincy. Professor Schneider had driven over in his car

and had been followed every foot of the way by our operative.

"We followed them after their meeting until they reached the dilapidated shack in which Hans Robert had been living. While they entered the shack the other operative and I searched the car driven by Professor Schneider. In the trunk we found an electric battery box such as is used for firing charges of high explosives by remote control. I then knew that their plan was to blow up the Quincy Ordnance Plant.

"When they returned to the car to carry the blasting box into the shack we arrested them both. Later investigation revealed that Hans Robert had used the shack for living quarters only as a blind. At nights he had burrowed a tunnel under the electric fence and contrived an ingenious trap-door on the other side. He could come and go as he pleased, with quantities of high explosives, which he had already put under mixing house number four in the ordnance plant. The electric fuse had been installed. All that remained was to connect the blasting box and push a lever to blow the Quincy Ordnance plant into kingdom come."

The Attorney General said, "I would like to have one more thing cleared up. What was the tip given you by young Jimmie Woods that enabled you to capture these enemies of the United States?"

Gregory grinned at the question. "It was very simple but neither I nor Chief Barton noticed it. Jimmie Woods caught this Nazi saboteur, Professor Schneider, in a lie about a certain notation in his notebook. The Professor said that the notation "QUI 208" was a telephone number in Quincy. Jimmie Woods, who had visited in Quincy several times, guessed that it was a reminder to the Professor of Hans Robert's badge number at the Quincy Ordnance Plant. QUI 208."

"Then the boy's tip was just a juvenile guess that luckily resulted in the capture of these Nazi saboteurs?"

"No. Far from it. The Professor said that the telephone number had been given him by a teacher who had invited him to dial it next time he came to town for a visit, and they would get together and talk over the teaching profession. Jimmie Woods informed me that Quincy does not have dial telephones—and even if they did have, Professor Schneider nor no one else could have dialed that number."

"Why?"

"Because the letter Q does not appear on any dial phone."

**THE END**



# CANDID

# CHARLIE

By  
B. Gordon Guth

CHARLIE  
CAPTURES A NAZI  
SUB SINGLE HANDED  
WITH HIS CAMERA.  
SOUNDS RIDICULOUS  
DOESN'T IT? WELL--  
START TURNING  
PAGES.

DON'T THAT GUY  
EVER GET TIRED  
TAKING PICTURES?

NOT HIM!  
THAT'S CANDID  
CHARLIE! HE'S A  
**CAMERA BUG**. IT'S  
LIKE A DISEASE, ONLY  
WORSE. HE LIKES  
IT!









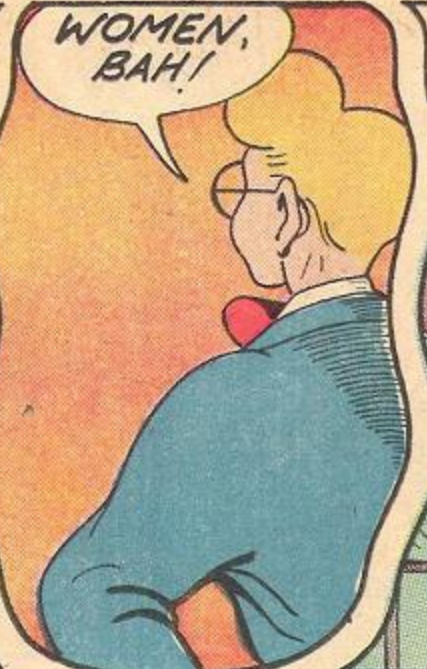
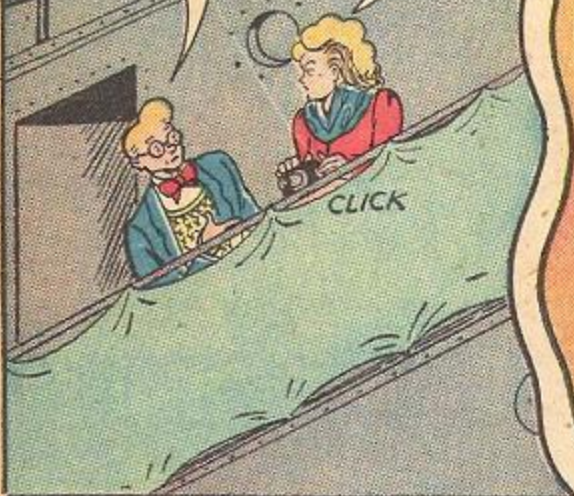
YOU'VE GOT THE CAMERA UPSIDE DOWN!

OH! HOW SILLY OF ME.

WOMEN, BAH!

I'D LOVE TO SEE THE PICTURES.

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL WE LAND.



I THOUGHT I SAW A SIGN NEAR THE PURSER'S OFFICE WHICH SAYS, "PHOTO SERVICE."

IT'S AN IDEA! I'LL TAKE A LOOK.



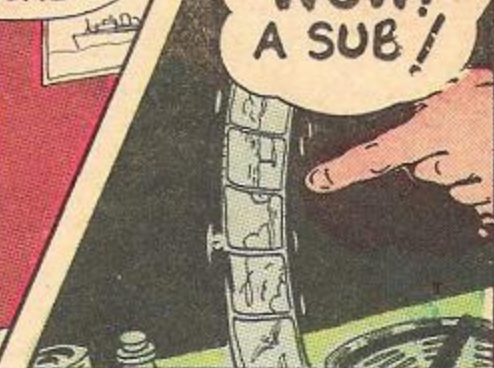
YES, WE DID HAVE A DEVELOPING SERVICE, BUT IT'S DISCONTINUED.

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO USE IT, THAT IS, IF THE MATERIAL IS STILL THERE.



CHARLIE IS ALLOWED TO USE THE DARKROOM, AND AS HE FINISHES...

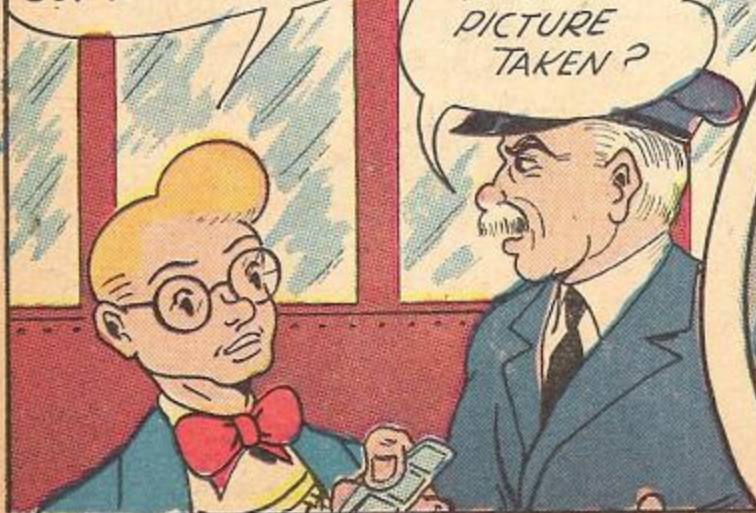
WOW! A SUB!



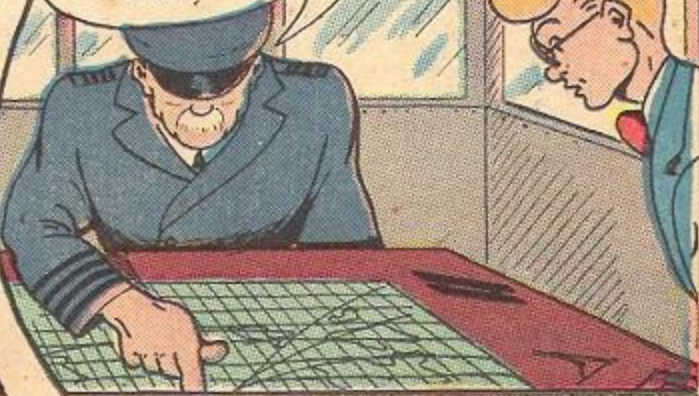
HE RUSHES TO THE CAPTAIN

AND THE GIRL MUST HAVE SNAPPED IT WHILE THE CAMERA WAS UPSIDE DOWN. SHE COULDN'T SEE IT, BUT THE TELESCOPIC LENS GOT IT.

THIS IS SERIOUS! WHAT TIME WAS THE PICTURE TAKEN?



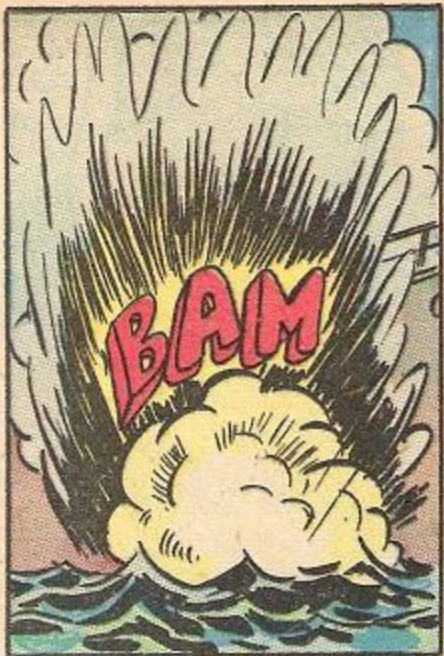
THIS IS ABOUT WHERE THE SUB WAS SIGHTED. I CAN'T RADIO SHORE. IT WOULD GIVE OUR POSITION AWAY!



GOSH!



AT THAT MOMENT.



CAPTAIN! - WE'VE BEEN HIT BY A TORPEDO!

WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?



AND THE FIRST THING CHARLIE THINKS OF. ....

HEY! THIS IS THE WAY TO THE LIFE BOATS!!

GOSH! MY CAMERA!



IN THE DARKROOM.

MIGHT AS WELL TAKE SOME CHEMICALS ALONG TOO! WON'T BE ANY GOOD HERE.



WAIT FOR ME!



WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? DID YOU LEAVE SOMETHING VALUABLE?

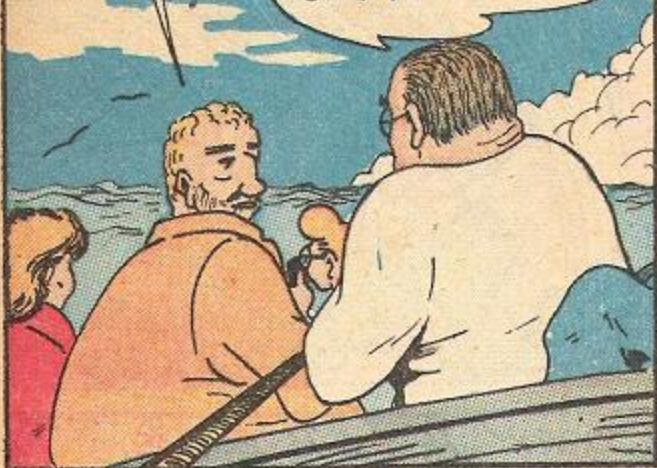
YOU BET! MY CAMERA!





LOOK AT THAT GUY!  
HE TAKES PICTURES,  
AND WE'RE LOST  
AT SEA!

HEY! WHAT  
GOOD ARE THOSE  
PICTURES? YA  
CAN'T EAT 'EM!  
IF SOMETHING  
DOESN'T HAPPEN  
SOON, WE'LL ALL  
STARVE!

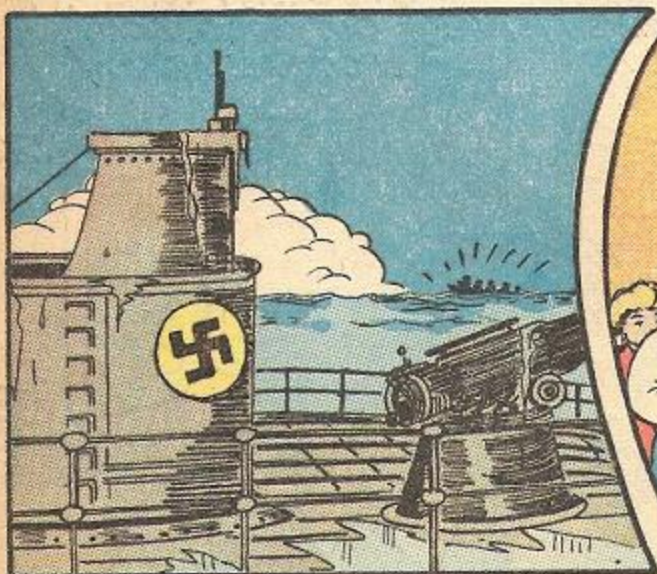


GOSH! WHO SAID  
STARVE?

HEY!-  
LOOK-A  
SUB!



YOU WILL COME  
ABOARD - QUICKLY!



INZIDE-  
EXEPT YOU!



THE KAPITAN,  
HE WOULD LIKE  
TO SEE YOU.

GEE!  
WHAT NOW-?



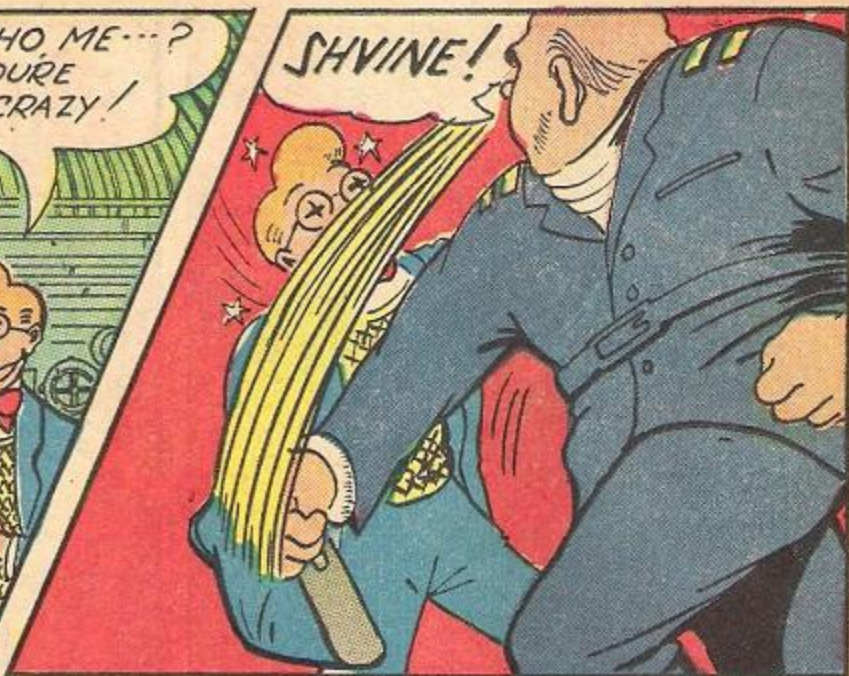
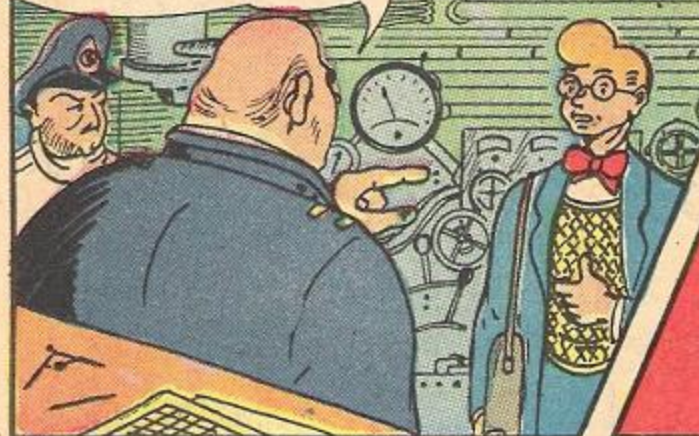


IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

YOU ARE MAYBE  
CARRYING IMPORTANT  
DOCUMENTS IN  
DOT BAG? YAH!

WHO ME...?  
YOU'RE  
CRAZY!

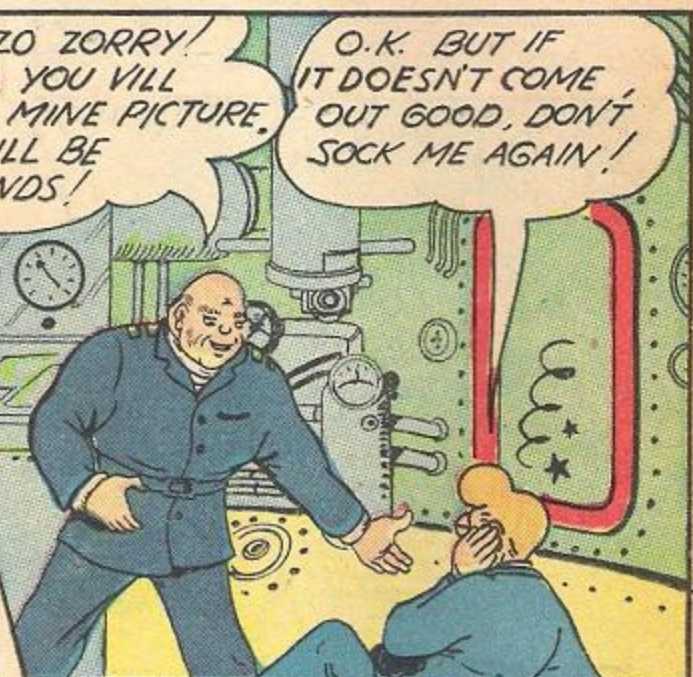
SHVINE!



BAH! A CAMERA.

I AM ZO ZORRY!  
COME, YOU VILL  
TAKE MINE PICTURE,  
VE VILL BE  
FRIENDS!

O.K. BUT IF  
IT DOESN'T COME  
OUT GOOD, DON'T  
SOCK ME AGAIN!



GOT IT!

UND NOW VE  
VILL SEE IT!  
YAH...?

WELL,  
WE  
COULD IF  
I HAD A  
DARKROOM  
TO DEVELOP  
THE FILM.

DOT'S A JOKE. THE WHOLE  
SHIP IS A-- VOT YOU SAY?  
DARKROOM! YOU GO IN  
NEXT COMPARTMENT UND  
TURN OUT DER  
LIGHT.





I GOTTA HAVE  
SOME WATER TO  
MIX WITH THIS  
STUFF - THIS  
MUST BE IT!



WOW!

CRASH

SNIFF-SNIFF  
VOT IS DOT  
SHMELL--  
ACID?

IT'S COMING FROM  
THE BATTERY ROOM.  
IF IT'S A LEAK, UND  
VATER REACHES THE  
BATTERIES, VE IS  
DOOMED!



GOSH! WHAT  
A SMELL! I'M  
ALWAYS DOING  
THE WRONG  
THING!



COUGH-COUGH  
IT'S GETTING  
VORSE!

SURFACE!  
UND BE  
QVICK!



GIFF ORDERS TO  
ABANDON  
SUB. VUNCE THE  
BATTERIES GO, IT  
IS FINISH!



CHARLIE HAS TIED A HANDKER-  
CHIEF AROUND HIS FACE  
AND IS TRYING TO GET  
RID OF THE SMOKE.

VOT ABOUT  
THE AMERICANS  
UND DOT VUN  
MIT DA CAMERA?  
DAY VILL ALL  
DIE!

ZO VOT!  
I DON'T  
TAKE A  
GOOT PICTURE  
ANYWAY!





CHARLIE FINALLY GETS RID OF THE FUMES AND ----

YOUR PICTURE IS FINISHED.

HEY! WHERE'S EVERYONE?

GOSH! THEY DISAPPEARED!! S'FUNNY-- I WONDER WHY?

STILL A BIT BEWILDERED, CHARLIE RELEASES HIS FRIENDS.

COME ON OUT, FOLKS! THE SUB'S OURS ---- I HOPE!

I HEARD THAT NOISE!

WHAT DIFFERENCE! DIDN'T HE CAPTURE THE SUB!!

HOW DID YOU DO IT-MAGIC--?

AND WHAT WAS THAT SMELL?

MY HERO!

BUT!

FULLY CONVINCED THAT CHARLIE GOT RID OF THE NAZIS, THE FOLKS MAKE CHARLIE CAPTAIN.

WE GOTTA RUN THIS THING SOMEHOW, MAYBE THIS LEVER WILL DO SOMETHING?

CHARLIE PULLS THE LEVER AND THE SUB STARTS TO DESCEND BUT ----

HE FORGOT TO CLOSE THE HATCH.

CHARLIE, WE GOTTA GET THIS THING MOVING! IT WON'T DO US ANY GOOD STANDING STILL.

HEY!  
SPLASH

PHEW! LUCKY I PULLED IT BACK WE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DROWNED!

WELL, I'M NOT RUNNING IT! I JUST TRIED AND ALMOST DROWNED, BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA!!



ONLY CHARLIE COULD THINK OF THIS -

A FEW MILES AWAY ON BOARD A U.S. DESTROYER.

I BET IT'S THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY EVER SAW A SAILBOAT SUBMARINE!

ENEMY SUB! SIR.

PREPARE TO FIRE!

HOLD IT! THEY'RE PUTTING UP A WHITE FLAG!

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

LOOK! AN AMERICAN DESTROYER!

LUCKY YOU PUT UP THAT WHITE FLAG, WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO FIRE!

THAT'S NO FLAG! IT'S A SAIL! WE'RE TRYING TO GET THIS THING MOVING!

WELL IT'S LIKE THIS I ER... CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! CHARLIE'S THE HERO! HE CAPTURED THIS SUB SINGLE HANDED! HE KICKED THE CREW OVERBOARD!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CREW OF THE SUB?



WE CAN'T VERY WELL LET YOU SAIL THAT SUB HOME BY YOURSELF, CHARLIE! CAN WE, LIEUTENANT?

NO, SIR!

O.K. ALL SET DOWN HERE.

A TOW LINE IS ATTACHED TO THE SUB.

AND THEY HEAD FOR HOME.

I BET THE FOLKS BACK HOME WON'T BELIEVE THIS!

CLICK

NEWS OF THE CAPTURED SUB HAS REACHED PORT.

WELL, SO LONG, FOLKS, I'M GONNA CALL MOM.

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

JUST A MINUTE, BUB! WHERE DO YA THINK YA GOIN'?

CHARLIE IS BROUGHT BACK, AND ---

HERE HE IS, SIR!

FINE!

AND NOW, FOR CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY IN CAPTURING AN ENEMY SUB, WE ARE AWARDED THIS MEDAL TO YOU!

GOSH!- GEE!- BUT I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! THEY JUST LEFT!

SO MODEST! JUST LIKE ALL HEROES

FINIS.



# The CADET

FEATURING  
KIT  
CARTER

FASTER,  
DAN- OR  
WE'LL NEVER  
MAKE IT!!

**D**AUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY'S ARTILLERY MANEUVERS PRODUCE MORE "FIREWORKS" THAN THE CADETS BARGAINED FOR- WITH KIT CARTER AND HIS PAL, DAN MERRY, RECEIVING MORE THAN THEIR SHARE

**C**OLONEL TILGHMAN READS THE ORDERS OF THE DAY.....

TOMORROW, THE BATTALION, WITH FULL EQUIPMENT, WILL MAKE A MOTORIZED MARCH TO A WEEK'S BIVOUAC ON THE ARMY ARTILLERY RANGE-- CAPTAINS, DISMISS YOUR COMPANIES!

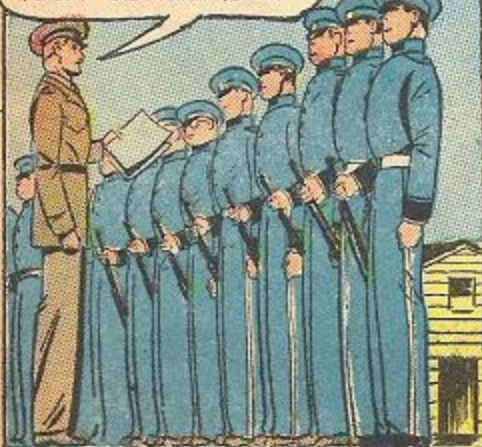
HOT DOGS AND COLD PUP TENTS- ARTILLERY MANEUVERS!

YAHBO! HOPE WE FIRE THE 105'S THIS YEAR!

THE NEXT MORNING, THE CONVOY STARTS ITS TREK TO THE RANGE.

WHOEVER HEARD OF MARCHING ON THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS?

AREN'T MAD ARE YOU, PAL, BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WALK 90 MILES?







LATER THAT AFTERNOON - INSTRUCTIONS START ON THE 37 MM. GUN.....



THE CADETS COMMENCE FIRING....

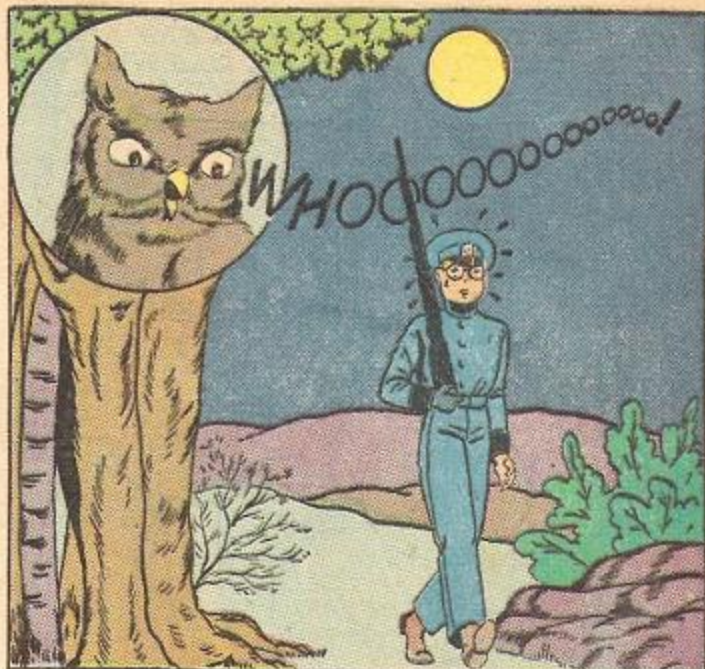




THAT NIGHT....

GUARD DUTY FOR  
A GROWING BOY  
WHO NEEDS HIS  
SLEEP!

YOU'LL LEARN  
SOMEDAY TO DO  
THINGS  
ON TIME!



BANG!

HALT!  
WHO  
WENT  
THERE?



WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER?

I WAS CHALLENGED!  
SOMEONE SAID "WHO"? I'M  
SUPPOSED TO CHALLENGE  
FIRST, SO I SHOT INSTEAD!



SMART GUARD!  
SHOT AT AN OWL  
AND AWAKENED  
THE CAMP!

SURE IT  
WASN'T A  
BAT - IN  
HIS BELFRY?

WHOOOOOOOOOO!!

THE GUY WHO  
SPILLED THOSE  
BEANS DID THIS  
TO ME - GO  
BLAME HIM!!



DAN, LOOK! A FOREST FIRE!  
CALL THE GUARD!!

YOU CALL 'IM-  
HE'S MAD AT  
ME!

CORPORAL  
OF THE  
GUARD! POST  
NUMBER 3!!







TEN MINUTES LATER--KIT AND DAN ARE READY.....

BOY, NOW WHAT'S COOKIN'?

THE RANGER ON TOP OF BALDY'LL TELL US---

HOW FAR CAN YOU TAKE US IN THIS JEEPOPPY?

YOU'LL ONLY HAVE TO WALK A MILE OR TWO, STRAIGHT UP!

THERE'S A BEAR! WISH WE'D BROUGHT OUR RIFLES!!

HUNTING'S AGAINST THE LAW HERE. GOVERNMENT RANGE AND CLOSED SEASON--ANYWAY, BECAUSE OF FIRES--

O.K. BOYS--ROAD'S END--PILE OUT AND FOLLOW THAT TRAIL--UP!

SHALL WE PHONE YOU WHEN WE WANT A TAXI?

REMIND ME TO SUGGEST A HELICOPTER TO THE COLONEL NEXT TIME!!

NEVER MIND, PAL, THINK OF THE MUSCLE YOU'RE BUILDING!!

TWO HOURS LATER--TIMBERLINE--WHERE THE HIGH ALTITUDE, COLD, AND GALES KEEP TREES FROM GROWING.....

HOORAY! TIMBERLINE! NO FOREST FIRES CAN GET US NOW!

HOW ABOUT A REST AND SOME GRUB BEFORE I BLOW AWAY!?

HOW LONG DO WE SOJOURN ON THIS HILL?

UNTIL THE FIRES ARE UNDER CONTROL--MAYBE TWO OR THREE DAYS--



C'MON, PAL, THE INNER MAN'S SATISFIED-LET'S PUSH ON!!

O.K., BUT SHANK'S MARE'S STILL WEARY!

GLAD TO SEE YOU, FELLOWS-THIS JOB'S LONESOME!!

WE'RE AT YOUR COMMAND, SIR-- COLONEL'S INSTRUCTIONS-

RIGHT-YOU'LL TAKE SHIFTS AT THE OTHER END OF THE MOUNTAIN SPOTTING FIRES THAT CAN'T BE SEEN FROM HERE-YOU'LL WIG-WAG THEIR LOCATIONS BACK HERE AND I'LL PHONE THEM TO HEADQUARTERS---



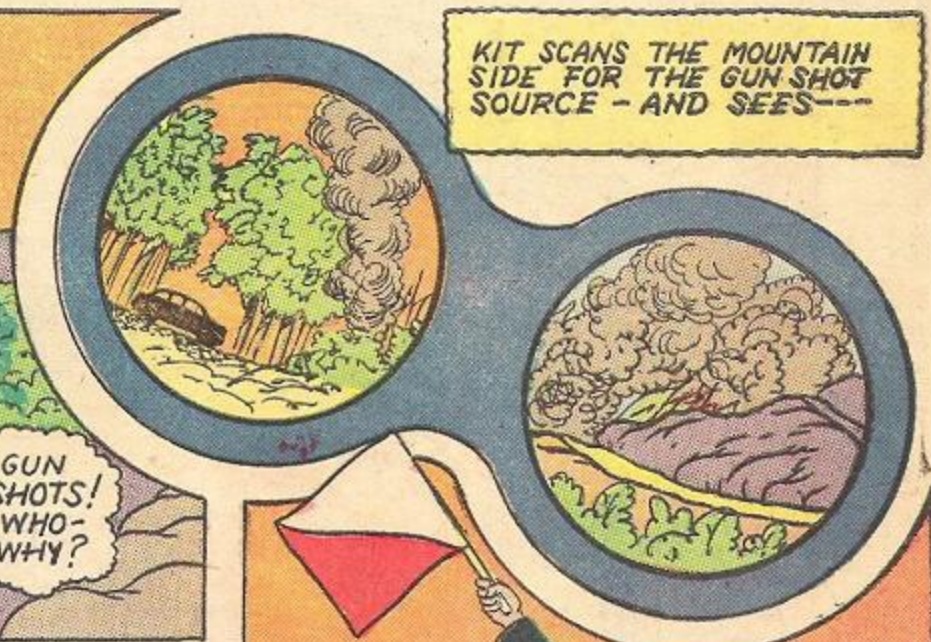




KIT SEMAPHORES THE FIRE LOCATION TO DAN.....



KIT SCANS THE MOUNTAIN SIDE FOR THE GUN SHOT SOURCE - AND SEES---



AS KIT PREPARES TO SIGNAL THE STARTLING NEWS TO DAN - HE DISCOVERS DAN FRANTICALLY SIGNALLING FOR HIS ATTENTION..





KIT RETURNS TO THE  
LOOKOUT WITH HIS  
NEWS.....

HOW'LL WE  
REPORT THE  
FIRE?

WE CAN'T-LINE-  
MEN SENT FROM  
H.Q. TO FIX THE  
WIRES WILL REPORT  
IT- WE REST  
'TIL IT'S FIXED--

-BUT THERE'S SHOOTING BELOW-AND  
A CAR AT ROAD'S END--

WHAT? WE'VE GOT TO  
GET THEM UP HERE  
QUICKLY-BEFORE THE  
FIRE GETS THEM!

BUT WHO  
CAN THEY BE?  
NO ONE'S  
ALLOWED  
THERE!!

I'VE A HUNCH THEY'RE  
BLACK MARKET DEER  
HUNTERS-I'VE GOT TO  
SAVE THEIR LIVES AND  
SEND THEM TO JAIL!!

I CAN GET DOWN IN  
HALF AN HOUR-BACK IN  
THREE WITH LUCK- IT'S  
RISKY-BUT- YOU FELLOWS  
STAY HERE  
AND KEEP  
ALERT!

I HOPE HE MAKES IT-THOSE GUYS  
MAY BE TOUGH CUSTOMERS!

RIGHT! THEY'VE ALREADY BROKEN  
THREE LAWS-CLOSED SEASON  
HUNTING-TRESPASSING ON  
ARMY LAND, AND BLACK  
MARKET---

HEY!  
WHAT'S  
UP?

C'MON, PAL-LET'S SHOVE OFF--  
WE MAY BE NEEDED--

LOOK!

SLOW DOWN AND KEEP  
HIDDEN WHEN WE  
GET NEAR!!



WE GOTTA GET  
OUTA HERE - BUT  
WOTTA BOUT  
HIM?

THET'S EASY -  
PLUG 'IM! THE  
FIRE'LL DO  
THE REST!

YEAH! IT'S HIS  
LIFE OR TEN  
YEARS MEBBE  
FER US!

WE'LL HEAD FER  
TIMBERLINE 'N'  
SNEAK DOWN  
LATER---

YEAH! HURRY UP -  
PLUG 'IM!



DROP THOSE GUNS AND  
FREEZE!

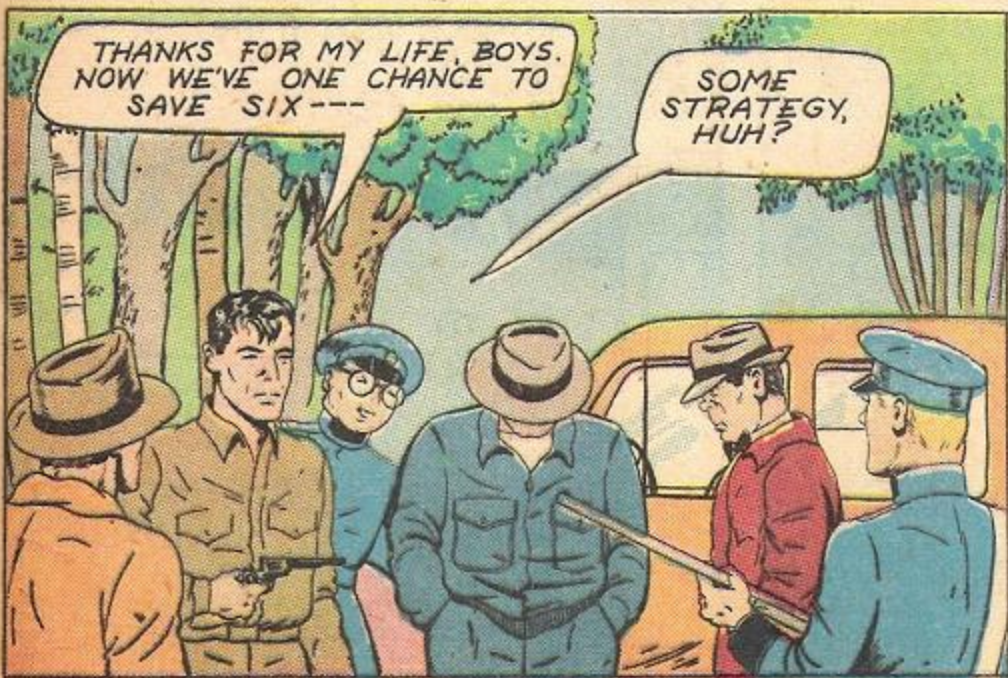
WE'RE SURROUNDED!  
DON'T SHOOT!!



THANKS FOR MY LIFE, BOYS.  
NOW WE'VE ONE CHANCE TO  
SAVE SIX---

SOME  
STRATEGY,  
HUH?

KIT, GUARD THESE MEN -  
MERRY, HELP ME SET A  
BACKFIRE BY THE BROOK...  
IT MAY HOLD THE MAIN  
BLAZE 'TIL WE MAKE  
TIMBERLINE.....





THE RANGER AND DAN HAVE SET BACK-  
FIRES BY A LITTLE STREAM FLOWING  
DOWN THE MOUNTAIN----



CLIMB FAST!  
IT'S OUR  
ONLY CHANCE!

GET GOING!  
NO FUNNY  
BUSINESS!

THREE HOURS LATER, EXHAUSTED, BUT  
SAFE, AT THE TIMBERLINE....



WE MADE IT!

HOW COULD  
WE? IT WAS  
IMPOSSIBLE!

THEIR CIGARETTES STARTED  
THAT FIRE-I GOT THE DROP  
ON TWO, BUT THE THIRD  
SLUGGED ME FROM  
BEHIND.....



DAN, LOOK!  
YOUR  
HELICOPTER  
TAXI!

I'LL BE AN  
OWL'S HOOT!  
MINDREADERS!!

THE RANGER QUICKLY RELATES  
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE  
PILOT SENT TO CHECK ON THEIR  
SAFETY WHEN THE LINEMEN  
REPORTED THE FIRE----



THE FIRE'LL SOON  
BE OUT- ARMY  
ENGINEERS ARE  
FIGHTING IT -  
I'LL TAKE  
YOUR  
PRISONERS  
BACK, NOW--

HOW  
ABOUT  
OUR TAXI?



YOUR TAXI WILL BE A COLONEL'S  
COMMAND CAR TO A CARNEGIE MEDAL FOR  
VALOR BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY----  
SO LONG!!



OK, BOYS! YOUR JOB'S  
WELL DONE- NOW IT'S  
REST 'TIL THAT  
COMMAND CAR  
COMES !!





**HEY, FELLERS!  
YOU SHOULD'VE  
SEEN JIMMY  
LICK BIG BUTCH  
WITH JU-JITSU!**

**THE BIG BULLY! ALWAYS  
PICKING ON SMALLER  
KIDS.**



**I'M GOING TO TEACH  
THAT GUY A LESSON.**

**IT'S NO USE, JIMMY,  
BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.**



**I DON'T KNOW ABOUT  
THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW  
TRICKS UP MY  
SLEEVE.**

**WOW! LOOK AT JIMMY FIGHT.  
I'M GOING TO LEARN  
LIGHTNING JU-JITSU  
TOO!**



**ARE  
YOU  
BEING  
PUSHED AROUND  
BY BIGGER  
FELLOWS?**

**JUST A  
SAMPLE  
OF WHAT  
YOU'LL FIND  
IN THIS  
AMAZING BOOK**

How to beat a boxer  
How to beat a wrestler  
How to hit where it hurts  
How to break a body grip  
The answer to a right hook  
How to break a wrist-lock  
How to break a half-nelson  
How to break a strangle-hold  
How to disarm a hold-up man  
How to flip a man over your hip  
How to apply the "teeth-rattler"  
How to knock-out an enemy with one blow  
How to somersault a man over your shoulder

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Now you, too, can become an expert—and built just as you are! That's the beauty of JU-JITSU. Yes, even though you weigh less than 100 pounds, you can learn how to bowl over your enemies like a Commando knocking over the Japs. It doesn't take weeks or months. In double quick time—without gadgets, without big muscles—you will be tougher than you ever dreamed. Then imagine how your friends will admire you—how proud your family and your girl friend will be of you—when you've shown them that you've become a real fighting man.

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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98c (plus 38c postage and C.O.D. charges).  
☐ I enclose \$1.00. Send postage paid (5 day guarantee holds).

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